

Treasure Chest

Vol. 10 No. 1
September 9, 1954

OF FUN & FACT



Beginning **The SEA RAIDERS**

A new sea adventure serial
by Capt. FRANK MOSS

FRANK
MORT



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Seeing Things by Sister Esther, S.P.



IF EVER YOU GO TO ROME you will certainly visit the great basilica of St. Peter's on Vatican Hill. Just inside the entrance in a little chapel is this beautiful Pietà, (pya-to'). It was carved from a block of marble by the famous sculptor Michelangelo. He was only twenty-seven when he made the masterpiece and naturally people didn't expect so young a man to do so great a work. They began to say another sculptor had made it. In fury young Michelangelo went at night and carved his name along the bond across Our Lady's shoulder. That stopped the argument.

Michelangelo was a fiery genius but his piety was deep and tender. He seems to be telling us here that Our Lady is the great mother of all the sorrowing world, so strong and brave she seems.

And the dead Christ lies in her lap limp and helpless, reminding her and us of Bethlehem where she first held Him so. Seen from above, the face of Christ is one of the most beautiful and reverent works of Christian art. Our Lady's face is young because, as the artist explained, her purity was so great that her heart could never grow old.

Truly religious art should not only arouse our admiration for the beauty of the sculpture but should also lead our minds and hearts beyond the appearance of the work and the great thought of the artist. The beauty of art should lead to the contemplation of God.

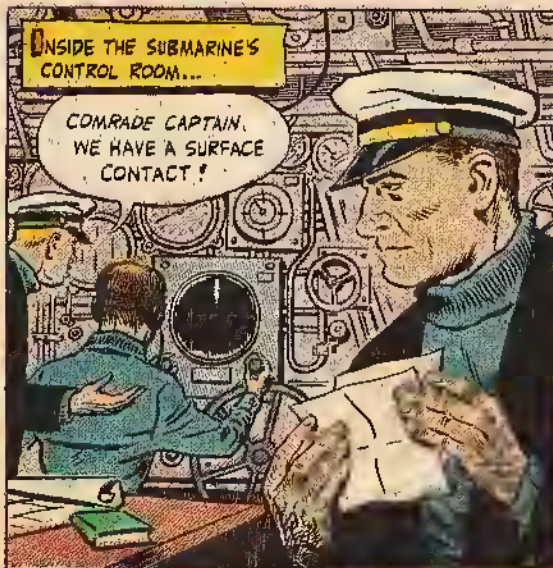
Do you think the great artist Michelangelo's Pietà does this?

The SEA RAIDERS

by Capt. Frank Moss

Illustrated by
FRANK BORTH

DEEP UNDER THE SEA, NOT FAR FROM MONTAUK POINT, A MIGHTY SUBMARINE CRUISES, AWAITING A SECRET SIGNAL FROM THE SURFACE -- SHE DOES NOT FLY THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY!



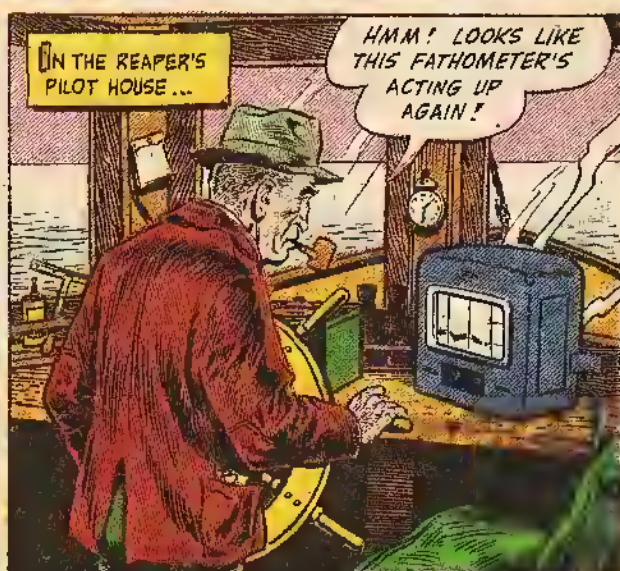
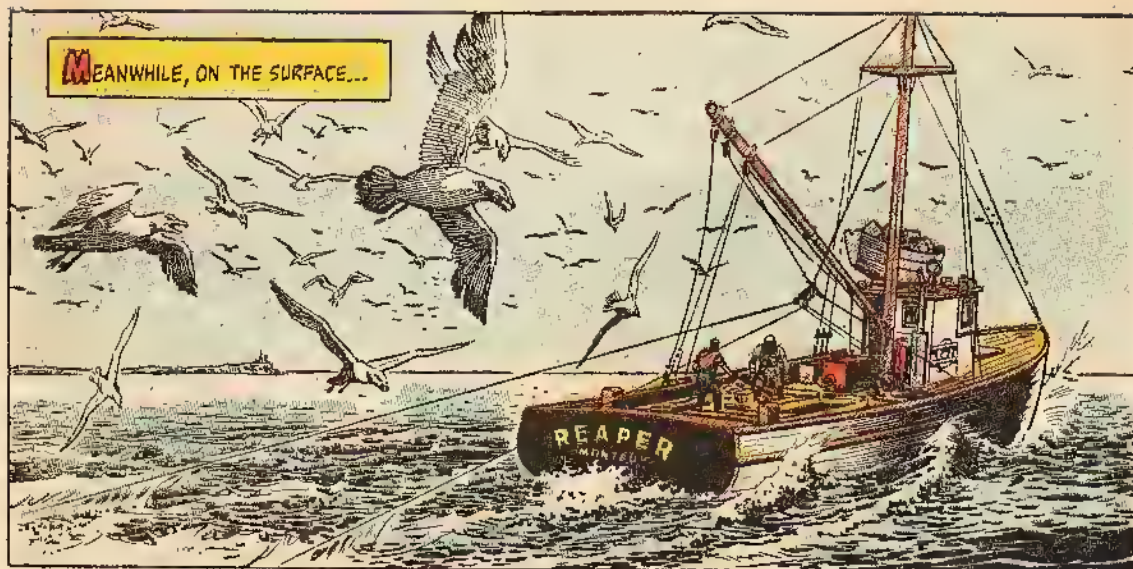
INSIDE THE SUBMARINE'S CONTROL ROOM...

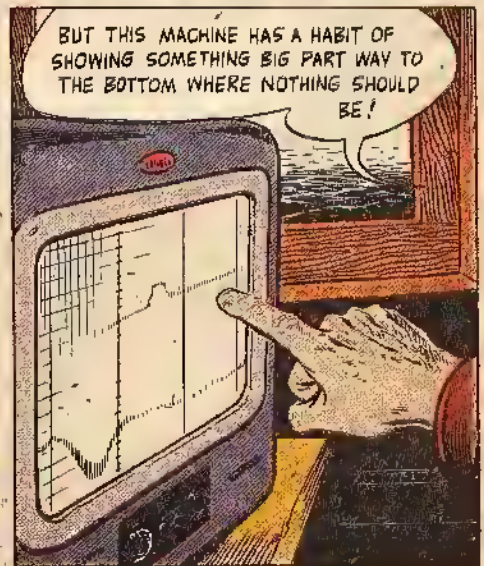
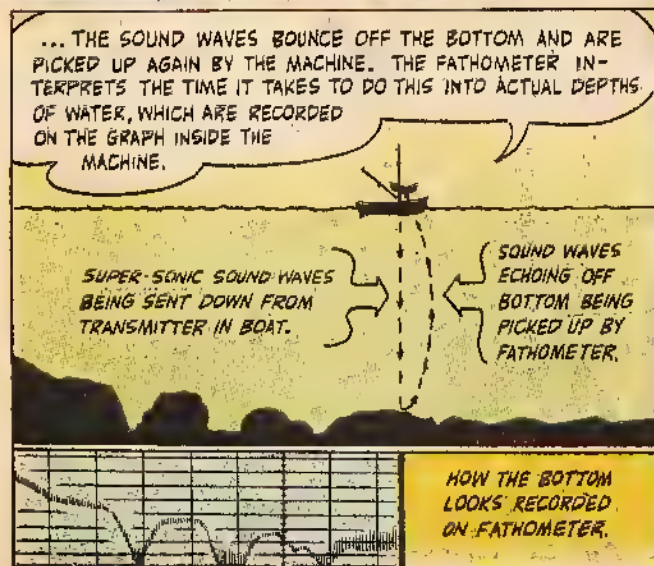
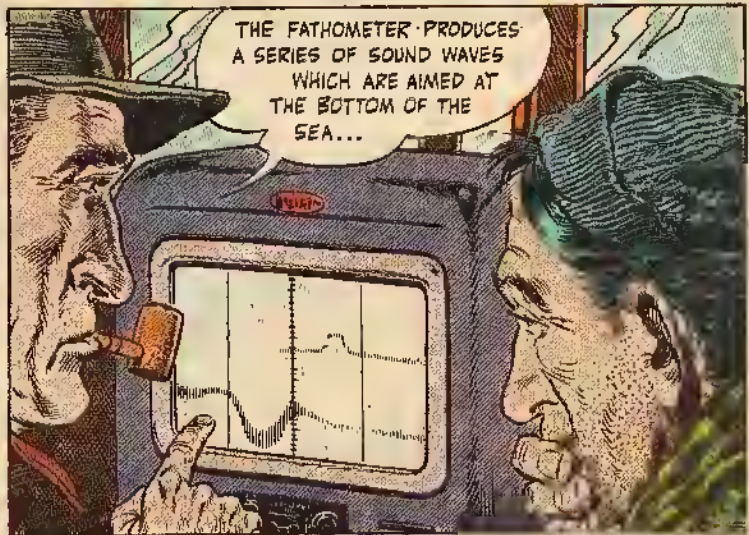
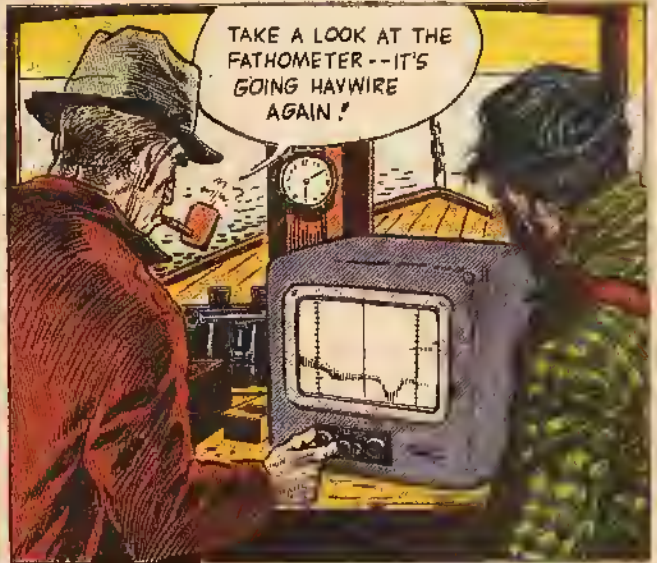
COMRADE CAPTAIN, WE HAVE A SURFACE CONTACT!

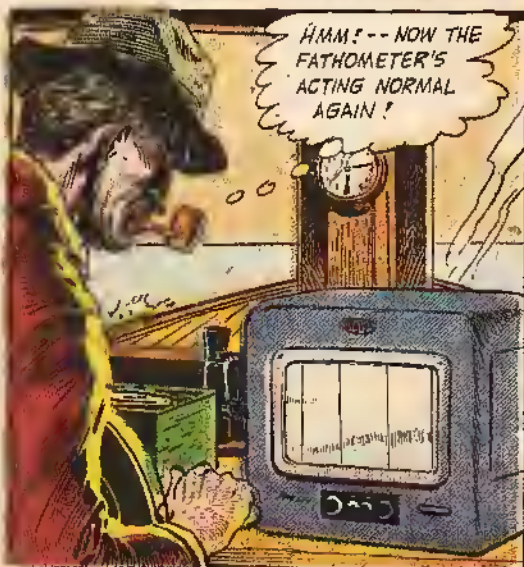
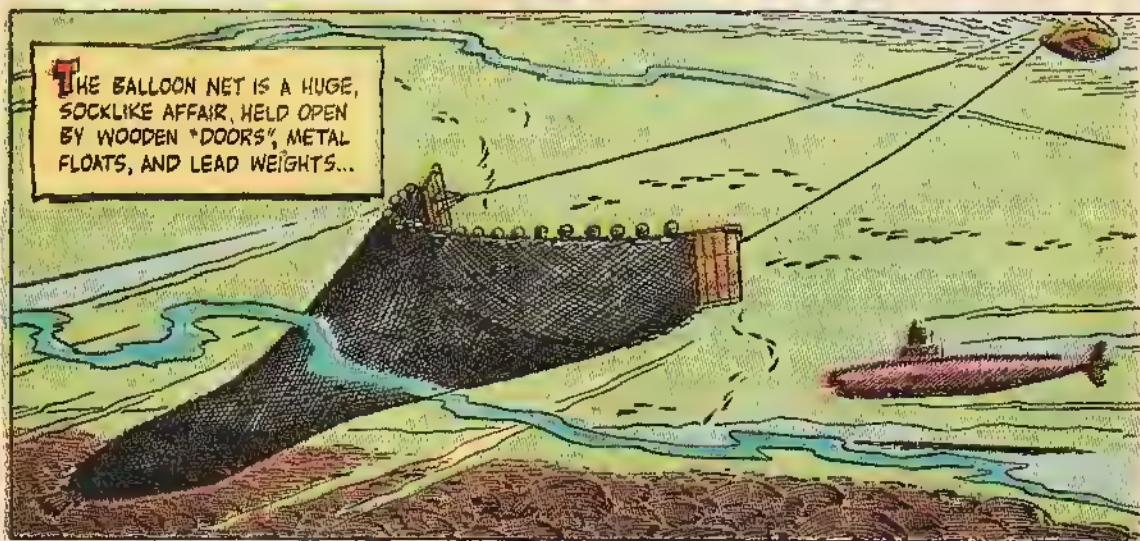
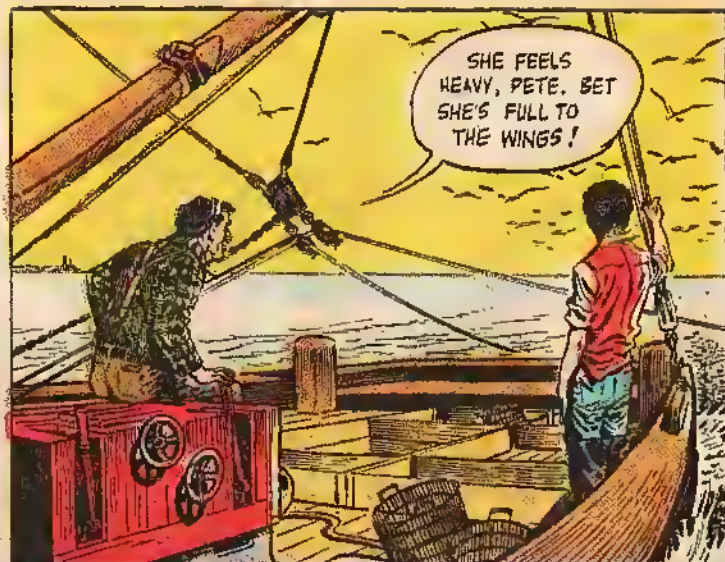


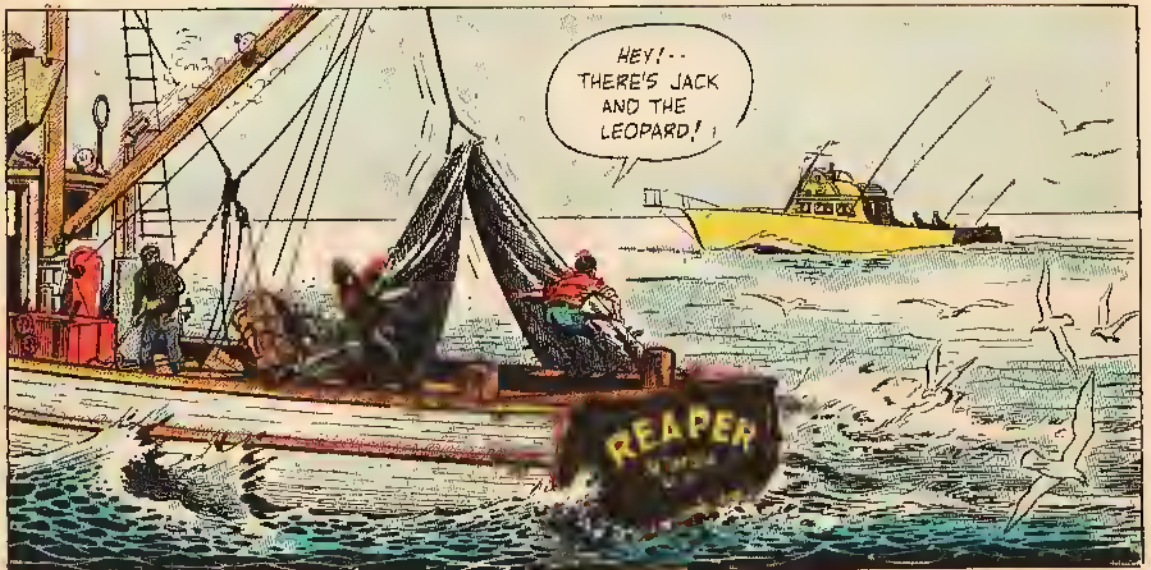
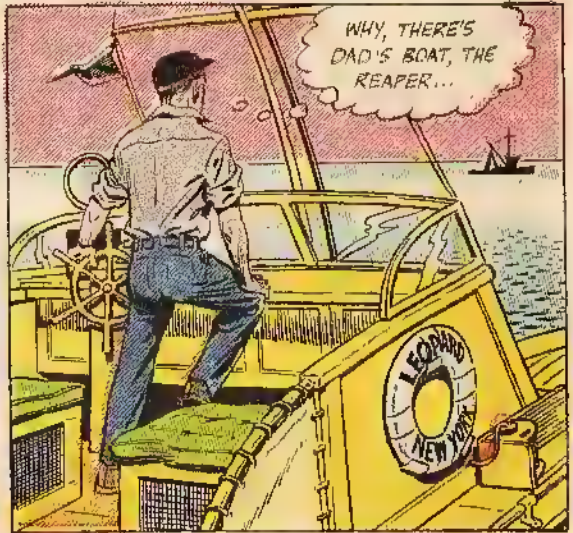
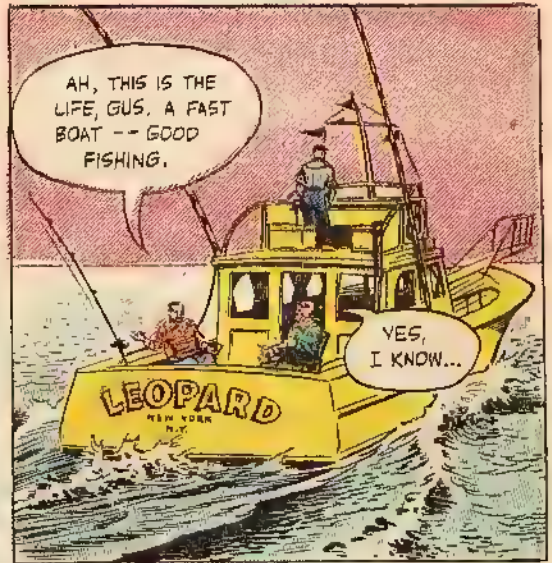
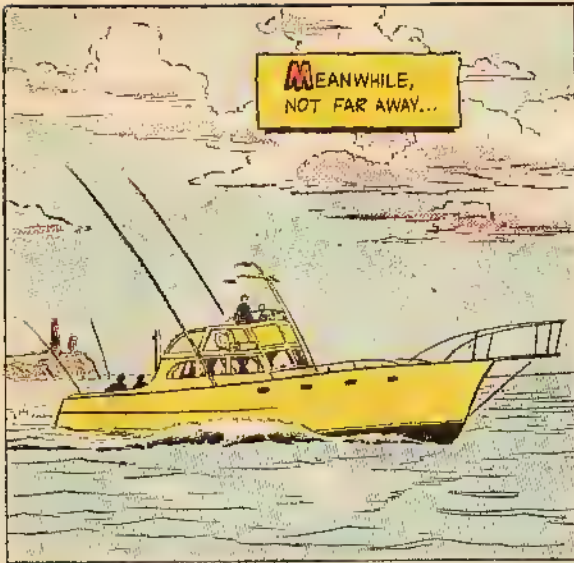
IT'S A SMALL SURFACE CRAFT, CAPTAIN.

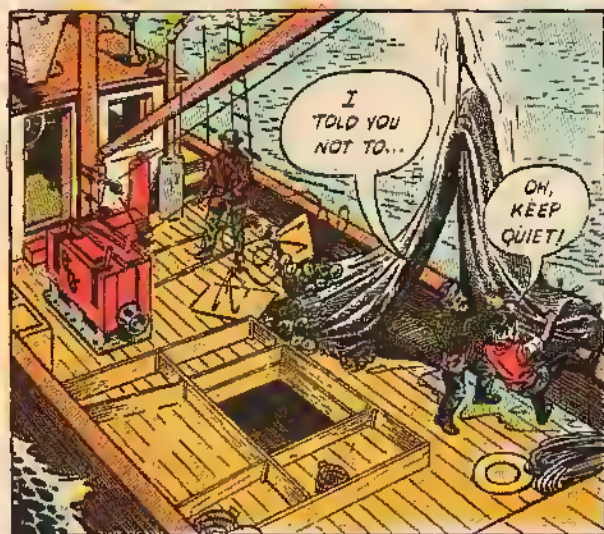
THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, SERG. IT'S PROBABLY SOME LOCAL FISHERMAN GOING ABOUT HIS BUSINESS. PROCEED AS BEFORE AND PASS RIGHT UNDER HIM.

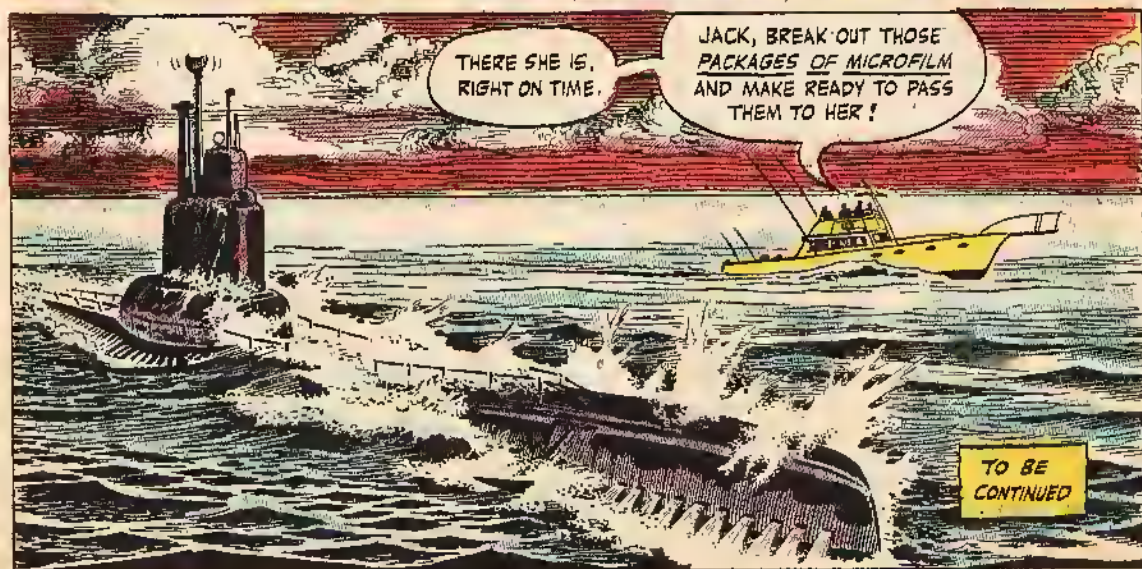
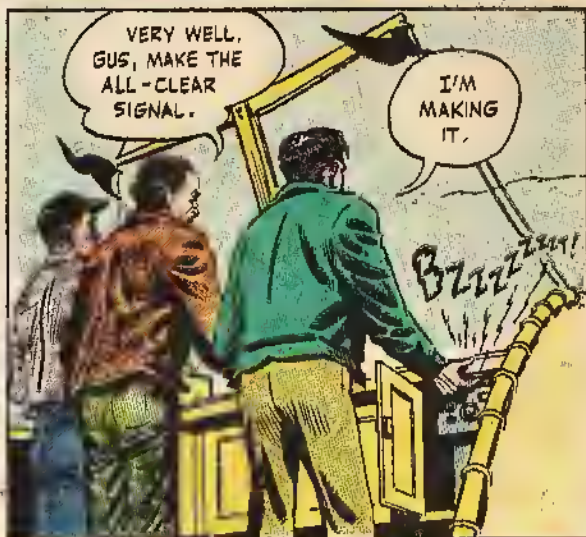


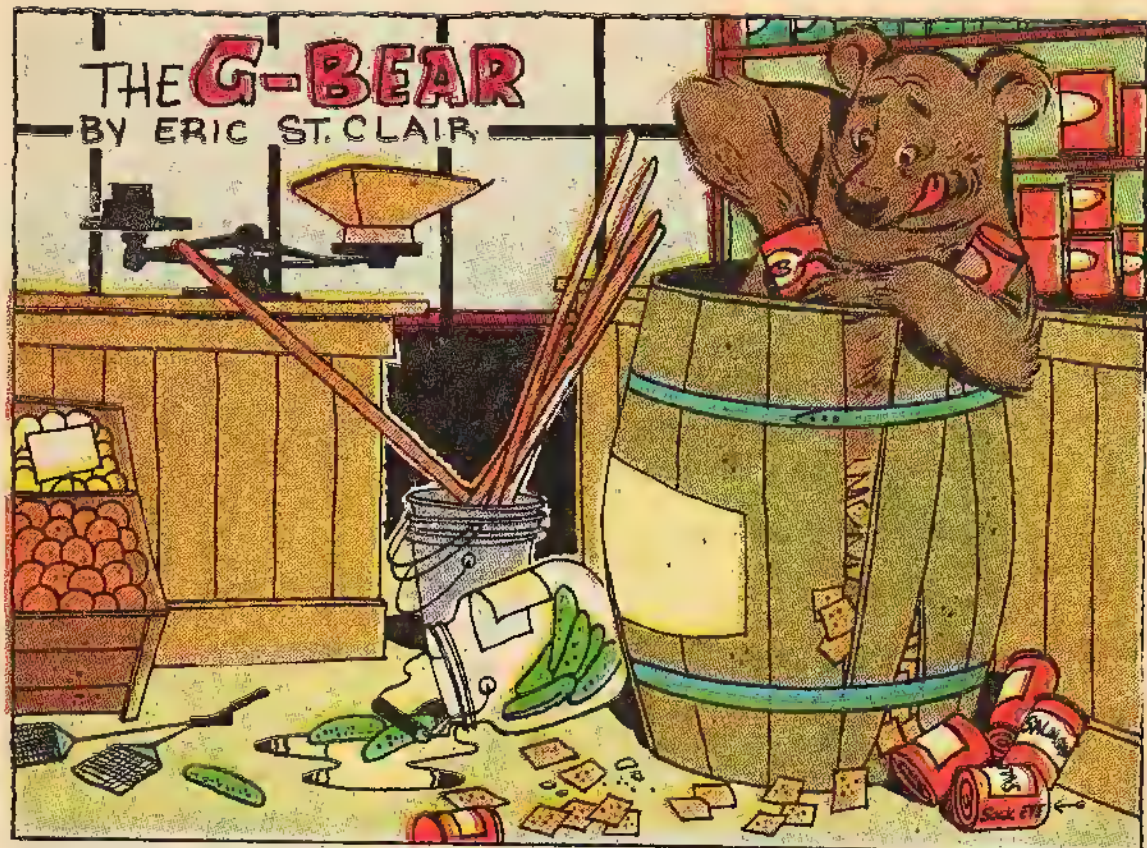












THERE was a bear who wanted to know what everything was for, why it was, and how come—and if it was good to eat.

Looking for information, he one night wandered into the general store in the village near his cave. The storekeeper had forgotten to lock the back door; so all the bear had to do was push it with his nose—and there he was inside. The darkness had a most complicated smell and all around him the bear could dimly see a great number of very interesting things on shelves.

He padded about, picking up a potato masher, a baby's rattle, a skate key, and finally a box of Toasty-Woasty Corn Flokes. None of these made any sense to the bear; so he took them away with him when he left after midnight. He would look at them in his cave, and maybe with more time he could figure out what they were for.

Some of the things, though, in the general store had made sense to the bear right on the spot. He did not have to take jars of jam back to his cave, nor cans of honey or salmon; he knew what they were for without having to think it over.

So, as soon as the storekeeper saw the inside of his store next morning he rushed into the street crying, "Police! I've been robbed!"

But there were no police, only a sheriff forty miles away and a deputy sheriff in the next township, too far away to help. The other villagers crowded into the store, shaking their heads to see so much damage, saying, "It was a gang, that's what it was!"

Back in his cave sat the bear, regarding the potato masher, the baby's rattle, and the skate key; and the more he looked at them the less sense they made. At last, with a disgusted sweep of his paw, he sent them flying. The box of Toastie-Woasties he kept, however, because it had a pretty picture on the top, and some writing.

He waited until the storekeeper had gone home the next night because some people are afraid of bears and he did not want to scare the man. Then carefully, because he did not want to hurt anything, the bear pushed against the back door. It resisted. This time, the storekeeper had remembered to lock it. The bear pushed harder, harder.

And the door opened, taking with it the door frame and part of the rear wall of the building. "Oh!" whispered the bear in remorse. "But it ought to have opened. Then I wouldn't have broken it."

He went round the store, sampling everything. Some of the things he did not understand at all,

others he ate happily. All except one strange box, stowed away on the highest shelf, much too high for him to reach. Though in trying he crushed many chairs, broke many ladders, knocked over counters and showcases, he could not reach that box.

"Oh, well," he said at last, and went home, taking with him a dozen or so boxes of Toastie-Woosties because of the pictures and the writing on their tops. He lay all next day on the floor of his cave, admiring the gaudy and beautiful pictures.

Gradually, it came to him that he might read that writing. After all, he was no mere ignorant forest bear; he could read. And so, by the end of the day, he had learned that if he sent in 13 (or maybe it was 31; he wasn't sure) Toasty-Woosty box tops he would get in return a complete, genuine G-Man outfit, whatever that might be.



It sounded as if he could learn something new from this; so he sent in all the box tops he had, hoping they came to 13 (or 31?). After sniffing doubtfully at the Toasty-Woosties he threw all the boxes into the creek near his cave. They were plainly not food for bears.

While he waited for his G-Man outfit he went back each night to the store, hoping sometime to get at that exciting box on the top shelf. But he never could, though he broke many chairs trying—and he had to comfort himself with jars of plum preserves and dried apricots, which he found quite toasty, though a little tart.

Each morning the storekeeper, seeing what had happened to his store during the night, would go into the dusty street to roll, tearing his hair and shouting, "Down with all thievish gangs!"

"But have you no burglar insurance?" the villagers asked him. "The insurance company ought to pay you for the damage."

"I did not think I needed burglar insurance," wailed the storekeeper. "I did not think there were



gangs of burglars here. I have insurance against flood, earthquake, hailstorm, damage from falling aircraft, and many other disasters, printed in small type on my insurance policy—but I have no insurance against burglars. O woe!"

Then the bear's complete, genuine G-Man outfit arrived. It was indeed complete: from the book of directions the bear learned what everything was for. With the magnifying glass one found clues; the little tin box was to put the clues in; the black, bushy mustache on the elastic cord was a disguise to wear while hunting clues.

And the clues would lead to the criminal, the wicked Public Enemy. Then the bear would put his heavy paw on the criminal's shoulder and say, "Come with me; the jig is up." And the bear would display his shining solid-gold G-Man badge, and take the criminal off to jail. What glory, what honor, for the bear!

So he fastened the badge on his hairy chest and hung the mustache by its elastic around his

neck where it would be handy. With his magnifying glass in one paw and the tin box for clues in the other, he stalked into the village to hunt criminals.

Almost at once he came upon the storekeeper wailing in the street. The bear listened carefully, for by now the man was too hoarse from shouting all morning to be easily understood. When the storekeeper paused for breath the bear pointed to his solid-gold G-Man badge. "I will take the case," he announced. "I will catch the gang for you."

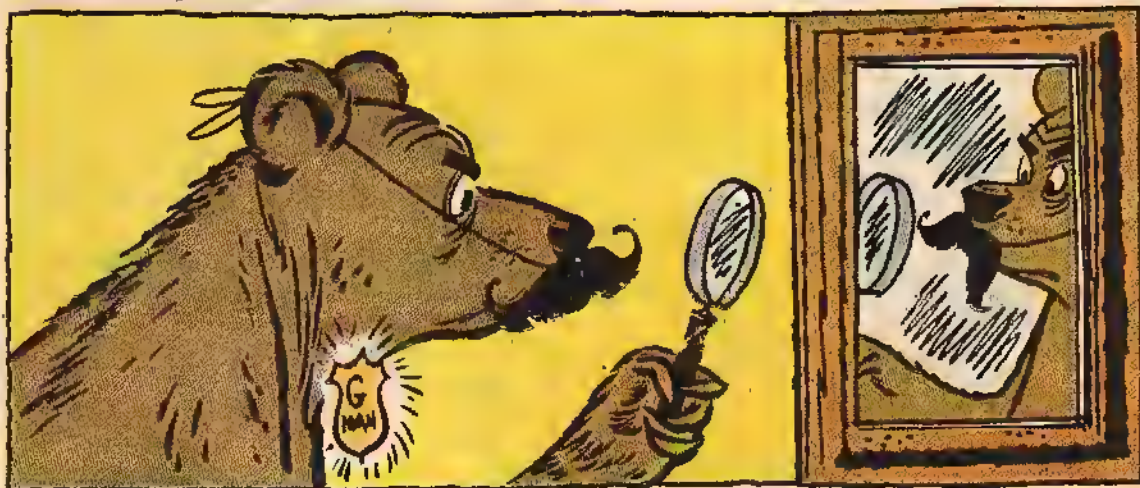
"But you are only a bear," the storekeeper objected hoarsely.

"I am no mere bear," replied the bear. "I am a trained G-Man, a G-Bear perhaps, with a complete detecting outfit." He drew the mustache

shelf. "But I must not think of such things now," he told himself. "I am on duty."

One night while quietly guarding the store the bear came upon the storekeeper's insurance policy. To the bear it first seemed to be surely a clue with all the fine print and the red and green wax seals and the trailing ribbons. Then he reflected that perhaps it was not a clue, after all; it was much too big to go into his tin clue box. Still, the alert G-Bear neglects no possibility; so he took it home to study out.

Now, the bear had been reading and reading the directions that had come with his G-Man outfit; he had become an excellent reader. In only an hour or two he recognized the thing for what it was, the insurance policy. There was a great deal of small print on it, and he tackled it with delight.



into place, disguising himself, and continued, "I will bring this evil gang to justice."

The bear prowled all that day through the store, collecting clues until the tin box quite overflowed with them, but nothing that he found led to any gang of criminals. He spent the night guarding the store, waiting for the gang to appear—but no gang appeared.

Next morning the storekeeper pounded the bear's back with gratitude. "You guarded my store!" he shouted joyfully. "Nobody came to rob me!" and he offered the bear a pleasant jar of honey.

The bear refused the honey. "It would not be right," he said. "I have done nothing yet. After I have put the wicked gang in jail, then I will have earned a reward." And he went on collecting clues.

Now and then in his prowling the bear cast his eye at that wonderfully attractive box on the top

This would be splendid practice for him. He grinned excitedly, his tongue dangling redly.

And then the grin faded. He read again what he had just read. Again it came out the same. It couldn't be! It couldn't!

But there it was in cold type: "The policy holder is insured against damage from all and sundry causes, viz., that is and to wit: damage from hail, rain or lightning; damage from marauding bears . . ." The bear read no further. Marauding bears; that meant robber bears, criminal bears—why, whoever heard of a bear being a criminal!

It was ridiculous; bears are, as everybody knows, gentle, amiable, honest, trustworthy, loyal, obedient, intelligent, upright, and very good-looking. Good-looking, that is, if they get enough to eat. "Like me," the bear remarked smugly, patting his fat stomach.

He had indeed had plenty to eat—but where had he got it?

Like a flash it came to the bear who the criminal was that had robbed the storekeeper. It was no gang, it was himself. He—and no other—was the criminal.

It was terrible to him to know that he was a criminal, but he felt proud about it, too. Had he not, with his magnifying glass and his clue box and his bushy mustache, unmasked a dangerous villain? He was, at the same time both detective and criminal—and the more he thought about it the more mixed up he got.

"Who is going to arrest whom?" he asked himself blankly. He got no answer.

He went to the storekeeper: "I know who did it," he said.

"Tell me who it is!" cried the storekeeper. "So I can kill him!"

The bear raised his paw. "There shall be no private vengeance," he said, quoting from the directions in his G-Man outfit, "for the Law must take its course." He bowed his head. "I," he whispered, "I am the criminal. I robbed your store. All except that box on the upper shelf. I couldn't reach it."

Amazed, the storekeeper stared at the bear. "You—" he said. "You—" and he raised his fist. Then he thought better of it; the bear's claws were long and his teeth sharp. So, instead of killing the bear with his two fists, he said through his teeth, "Why did you—?"

"I didn't mean any harm!" cried the bear in anguish. "I didn't know I was a criminal, a marauding bear, as it says in your insurance policy!"

"As it says where?" the storekeeper shouted. "Just let me look at that insurance policy a minute. I never read that fine print on it."

The storekeeper found his glasses and read where the bear showed him. Then he jumped up and down, shouting for joy. "I'm covered!" he shrieked. "The insurance company will pay for everything!" He threw his arm around the bear's shoulder and danced along the street. "You wonderful bear, you have saved me!"

Opening his eyes wide, the bear said, "You mean—I don't have to arrest myself after all? O happy day!" He too danced with glee.

"And what is more," with a strange smile the storekeeper whispered slyly to the bear, "you can come any night you like and take whatever you want."

"Oh, no," replied the bear. "Now that I know, it would be stealing. It would not be honest—and



all bears are honest, especially G-Bears." Then he paused thoughtfully. "But for a reward—well—maybe, you might just let me peek into that mysterious box!"

"Of course!" exclaimed the storekeeper. "It is only an old salami sausage that nobody would buy. You take it with you!"

"But don't tell me what it's for," said the bear. "I want to figure it out for myself, now that I am a G-Bear." And off he went with his salami sausage.

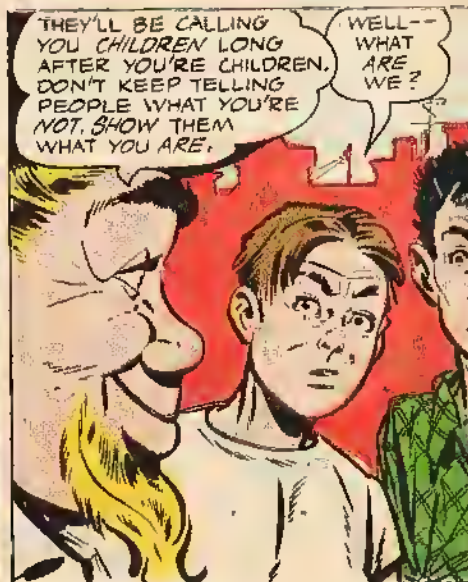
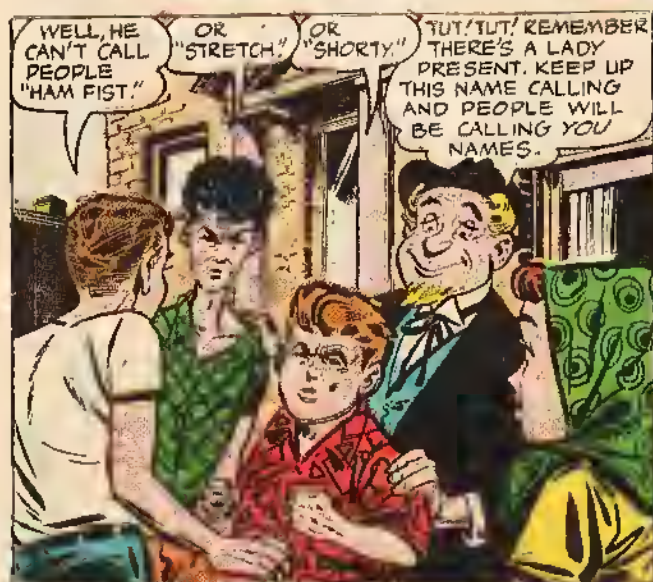
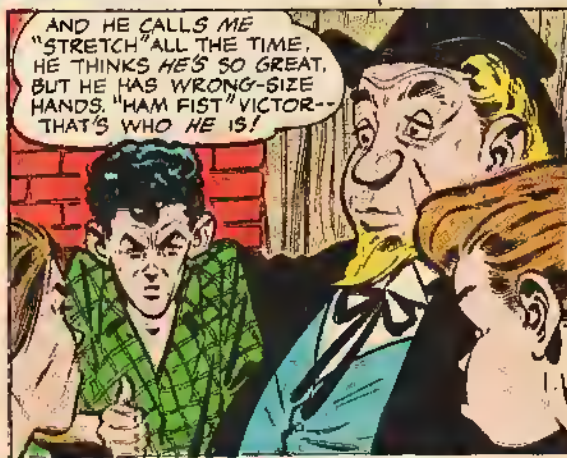
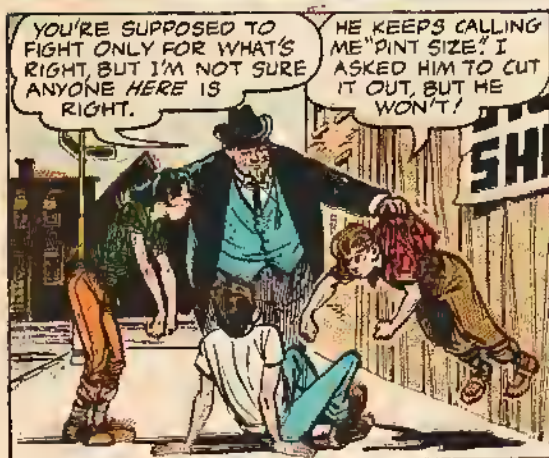
In his cave once more the bear gazed long at the salami sausage. "You wonderful thing," he whispered, "that I waited so long for. What are you?" And he wrinkled his nose. "It isn't something to eat; it smells too bad. It's not the right shape for a hat. It is too short for a flagpole, too short even for a walking stick. What can it be?"

And suddenly, it came to the bear what salami sausage is to be used for.

So now, the bear patrols the village looking for criminals. He wears his solid-gold G-Bear badge and he carries in one paw his magnifying glass; he is heavily disguised behind his bushy black mustache. In the other paw he carries his salami sausage, ready to beat any criminal over the head with it. It is his billy club, the one item that his G-Man outfit had lacked.

That is why there are no criminals in the village. Who would dare stand against a G-Bear so armed?

(The end)



YOU'RE THE WORLD'S GREATEST PIECE OF WORK, MADE BY THE GREATEST CRAFTSMAN. YOUR BODY IS THE MOST COMPLICATED OF MACHINES, YET TRULY A WORK OF ART.

MACHINE?

WORK OF ART?



THAT'S WHAT I SAID. YOU CAN MAKE ME PROVE IT BY STEPPING OVER TO MY HOUSE. I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT YOU REALLY ARE.



WE'RE HERE--BUT BEFORE WE BEGIN, LET'S SEE WHERE WE'RE GOING. IF LUCIA PULLS DOWN THAT SHADE, WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE COMPLETE MACHINE.



What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty!



In form and manner how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god.

Shakespeare

WELL, THERE'S THE GREAT MACHINE--AND WHAT A GREAT MAN SAID ABOUT IT. I KEEP IT THERE TO REMIND ME OF WHAT PEOPLE REALLY ARE, IN SPITE OF THE WAY THEY SOMETIMES ACT. BUT--WHERE DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD BEGIN?

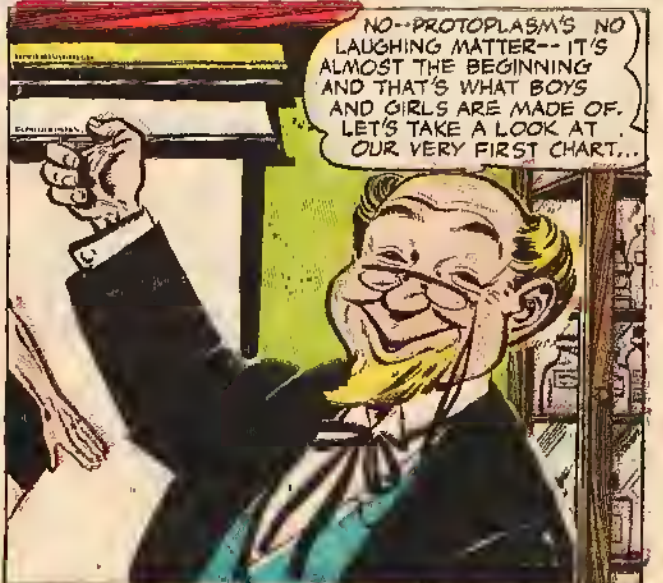
AT THE BEGINNING...



YOU'RE FULL OF PROTOPLASM!



NO--PROTOPLASM'S NO LAUGHING MATTER--IT'S ALMOST THE BEGINNING AND THAT'S WHAT BOYS AND GIRLS ARE MADE OF. LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT OUR VERY FIRST CHART...



HERE'S WHAT PROTOPLASM'S MADE OF. BECAUSE THEY HAVE NO PARTS AND CAN'T BE DIVIDED, SCIENTISTS CALL THEM ELEMENTS. ALL BUT THAT FIFTH ONE, CALLED "OTHER THINGS". EVEN I'M NOT SURE WHAT'S IN HIM. I CALL HIM ET. CETERA.

Protoplasm



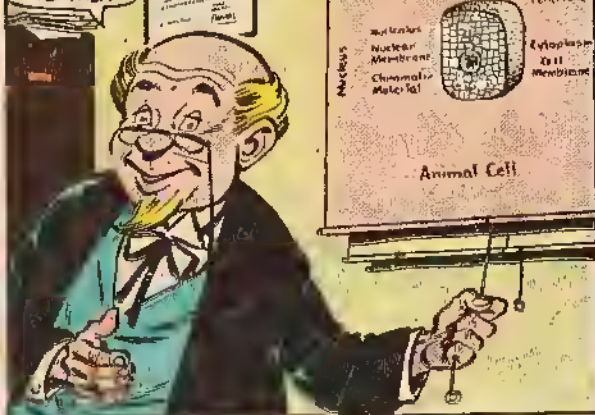
Carbon-Hydrogen-Oxygen-Nitrogen-Other things

THEY ALL GET TO-GETHER SOME-HOW...BUT WE'LL COME BACK TO THEM LATER.

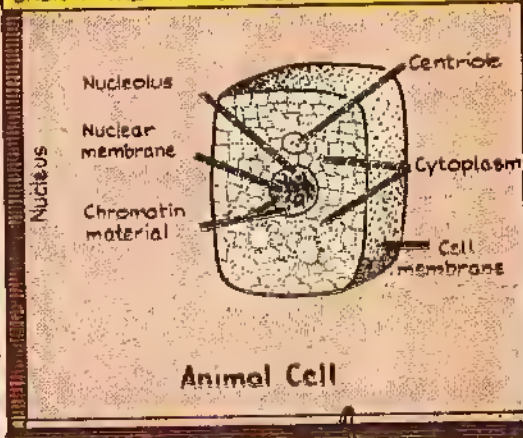
DARK CHAMBER



PUT THEM ALL TO-GETHER THEY SPELL PROTOPLASM--A WORD THAT MEANS A CELL TO ME.

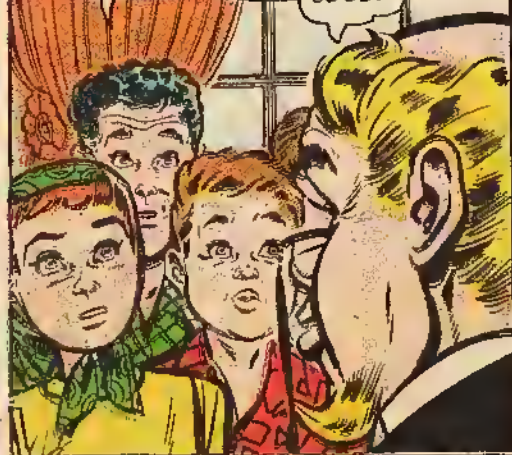


"YOU SEE, THE WHOLE BODY IS MADE UP OF PROTOPLASM--IN A FORM THAT WE CALL 'CELLS'. ROBERT HOOKE FIRST CALLED THEM THAT--BACK IN THE 17TH CENTURY."



YOU MEAN THAT OUR WHOLE BODY LOOKS LIKE THAT UNDER A SCIENTIST'S MICROSCOPE?

NO--NO--A THOUSAND TIMES...THERE'D BE TOO MUCH WORK FOR ONE KIND OF WORKER TO DO. THE ENGINEER DESIGNED DIFFERENT TOOLS FOR DIFFERENT JOBS.



"THIS ONE HAS A BIG NAME--'EPITHELIAL' CELLS. THEY'RE THE ONES THAT..."



Epithelial Cell



"MAKE UP THE SKIN, THE GLANDS, AND THE SMALLEST BLOOD VESSELS CALLED CAPILLARIES."

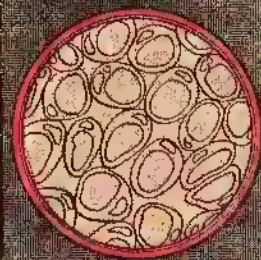
"BENEATH THE SKIN WE HAVE MUSCLE CELLS."



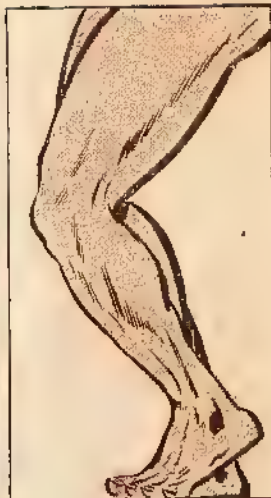
Muscle Cell



"...FAT CELLS..."



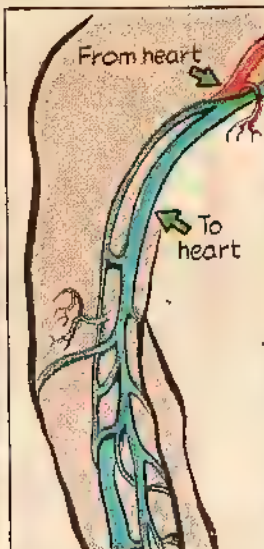
Fat Cell



"...BLOOD CELLS..."



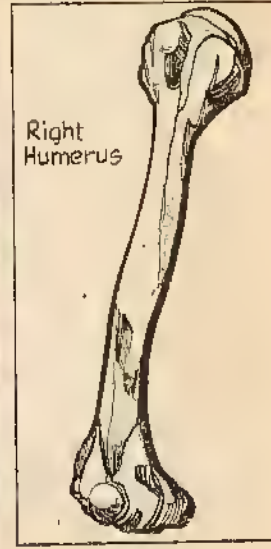
Blood Cells



"...BONE CELLS..."



Bone Cell

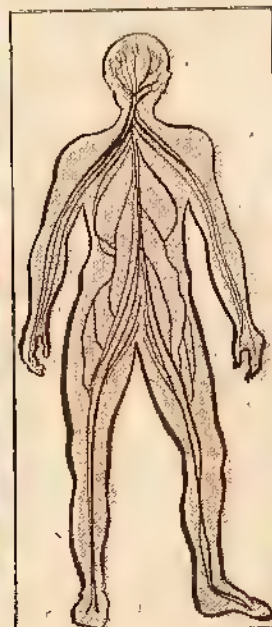


Right Humerus

"...AND NERVE CELLS..."

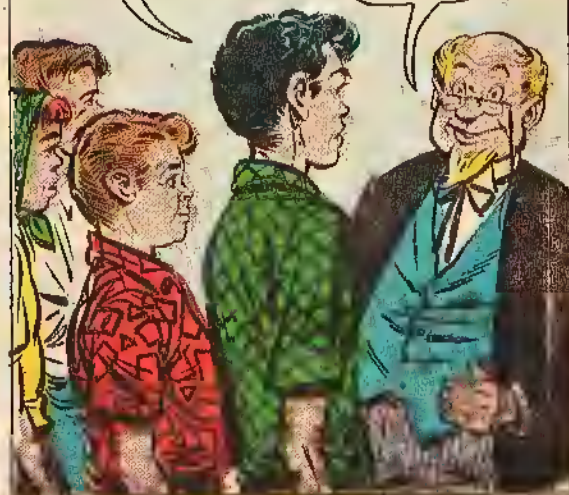


Nerve Cell

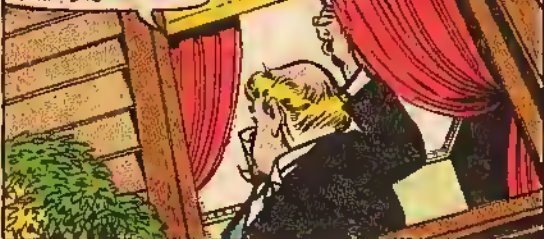


"I SEE IT ALL NOW! AS WE GROW, THE CELLS GET BIGGER AND BIGGER."

"NO, MY FINE FRIEND-- THE CELLS DON'T ONLY GROW-- THEY DIVIDE. THAT'S WHAT WE MEAN WHEN WE SAY THEY'RE LIVING."



I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU A HUMAN KIND OF MAGIC--HOW ONE THING BECOMES TWO, BUT I'M GOING TO DO IT THE EASY WAY. THE CELL PARTS ALL HAVE BIG NAMES, I'M GOING TO GIVE THEM ALIASES. THEIR REAL NAMES WILL BE IN SMALL PRINT, THOUGH, SO IF YOU WANT TO PLAY DETECTIVE, YOU CAN PUT THE FINGER ON THEM IN THE DICTIONARY.



"THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN WHEN A DIVIDES AND B₁ BEGINS TO DISAPPEAR."

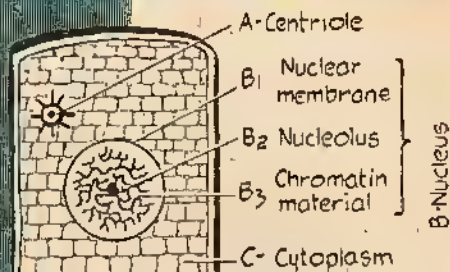


Centriole (A) divides

Chromatin material (B₃)

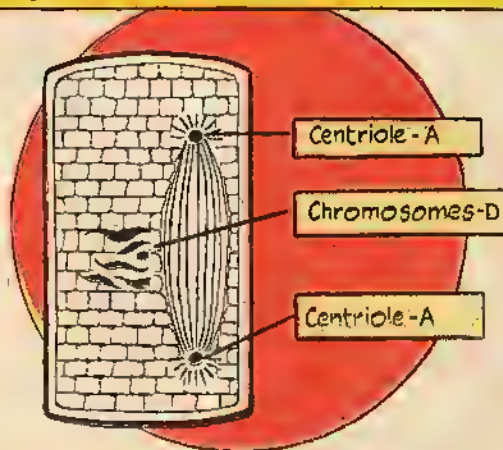
Nuclear membrane (B₁) begins to disappear

"HERE'S A PICTURE OF A CELL --WITH ALIASES AND TRUE IDENTITIES."



"YOU SEE THERE'S A LOT THAT GOES ON IN THE NUCLEUS. IT'S SORT OF A SPLIT PERSONALITY."

"THE NEW A'S GO FARTHER APART AND B₃ CHANGES INTO D."

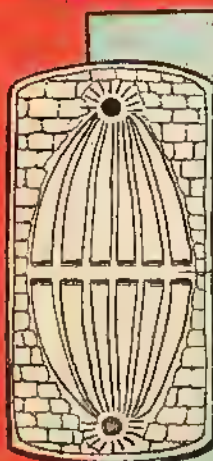


Centriole - A

Chromosomes - D

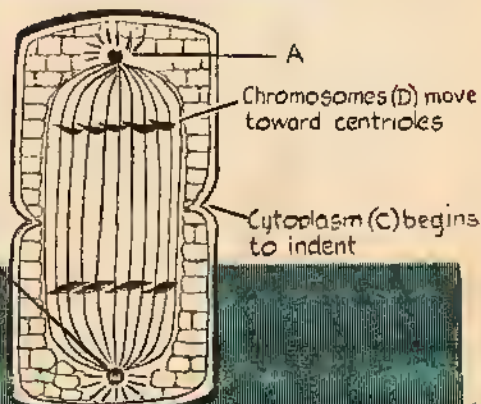
Centriole - A

"NEXT, THE D'S DIVIDE..."



Chromosomes divide

"...AND MOVE TOWARD THE NEW A'S."

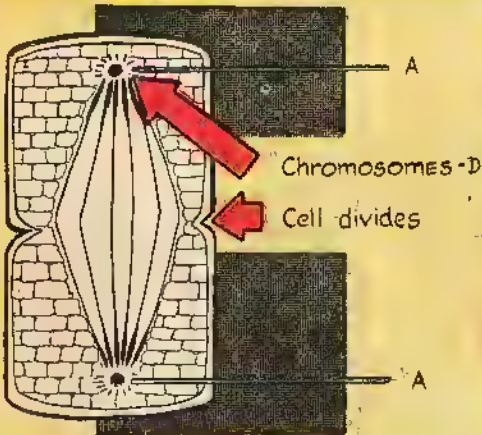


Chromosomes (D) move toward centrioles

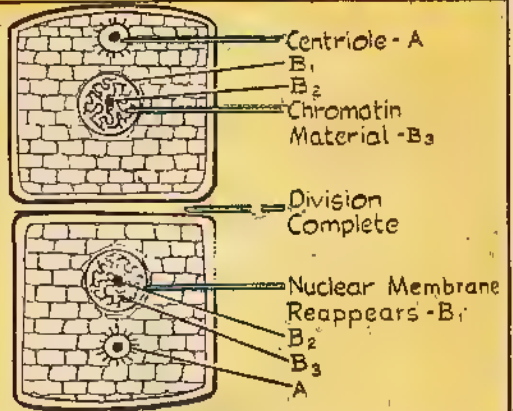
Cytoplasm (C) begins to indent

"ONE THING WE CAN SAY ABOUT THE D'S IS THAT WE'VE GOT THEIR NUMBER AND WE KNOW WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE. THERE'LL BE 46 D'S AT EACH NEW A AND THEY'LL ALL LOOK EXACTLY AS THEY DID WHEN THEY WERE B₃."

THINGS ARE GOING ON ALL OVER. C HAS BEGUN TO PULL ITSELF INTO THE CENTER...



...AND DOES SO UNTIL AT LAST ONE HAS BECOME TWO.



"AS I SAY, THIS LOOKS EASY TO DO, BUT THE CHIEF ENGINEER'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN DO IT."

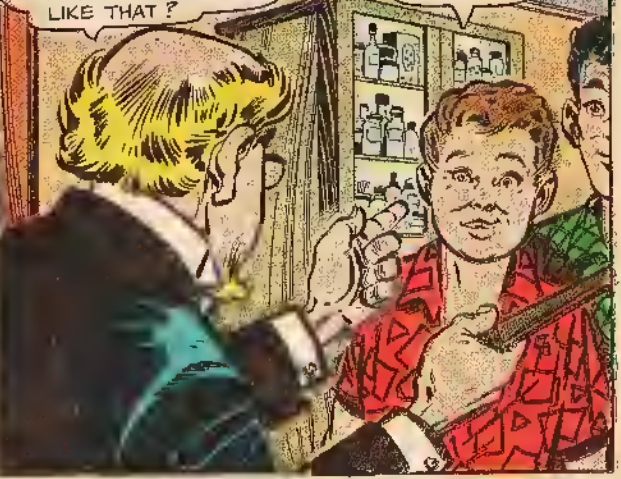
AND NOBODY ELSE CAN CONTROL IT!

NO, NO ONE CAN CONTROL IT, BUT THE ENGINEER HAS PUT IN SOME CHECKS AND BALANCES. THERE ARE GLANDS THAT, WHEN THEY'RE WORKING PROPERLY, REGULATE CELL GROWTH PRETTY WELL, BUT WE'LL TALK ABOUT GLANDS SOME OTHER DAY.

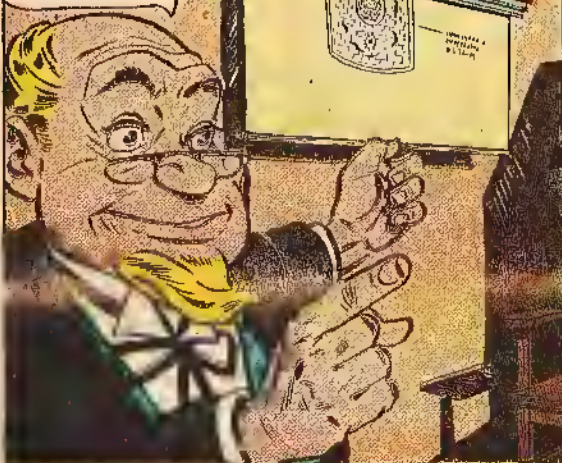


AND THAT'S HOW YOU GOT THAT WAY BUT WHAT MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE THAT?

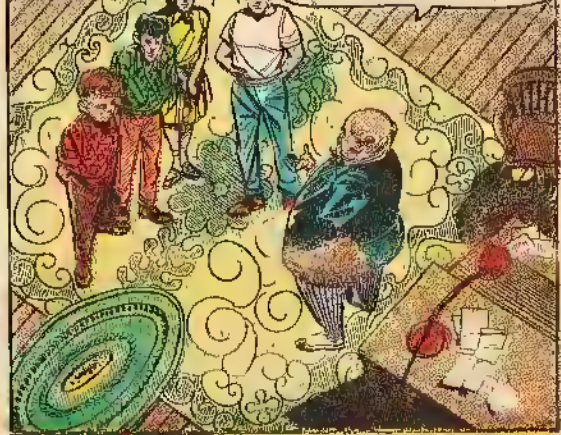
I GUESS IT'S JUST THAT WE'RE THINKING.



THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN. I THINK IT'S A GOOD TIME TO TALK ABOUT HOW YOU LOOK BECAUSE THESE CELLS HAVE A LOT TO DO WITH IT.



REMEMBER THE CHROMOSOMES WE MENTIONED EARLIER? WELL THEY'RE THE THINGS THAT MAKE YOU LOOK THE WAY YOU DO. IT IS THROUGH THE CHROMOSOMES THAT WE INHERIT THINGS FROM OUR MOTHERS AND FATHERS.

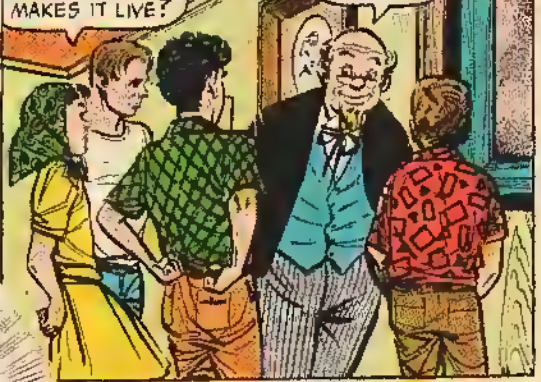


"FATHER AND MOTHER EACH GIVE A LITTLE OF THEIR APPEARANCES TO THE CHILD. THE CHILD LOOKS A LITTLE LIKE BOTH. BECAUSE OF THIS WE SAY THAT THE CHILD INHERITS THESE THINGS FROM ITS PARENTS."



I BEGIN TO SEE HOW THE MASTER-PIECE WORKS, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING MORE--WHAT STARTS THE FIRST CELL? WHAT MAKES IT LIVE?

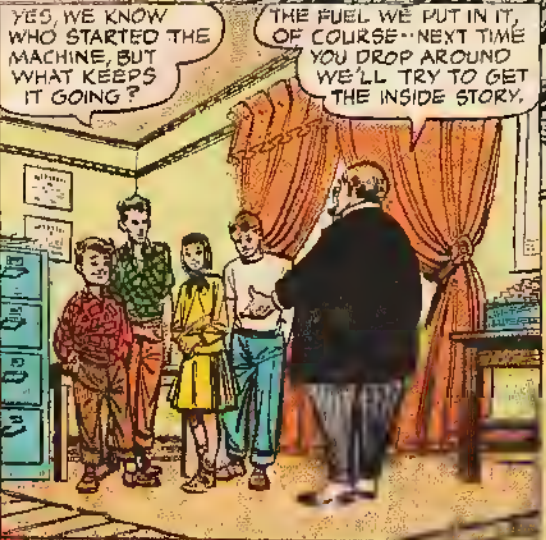
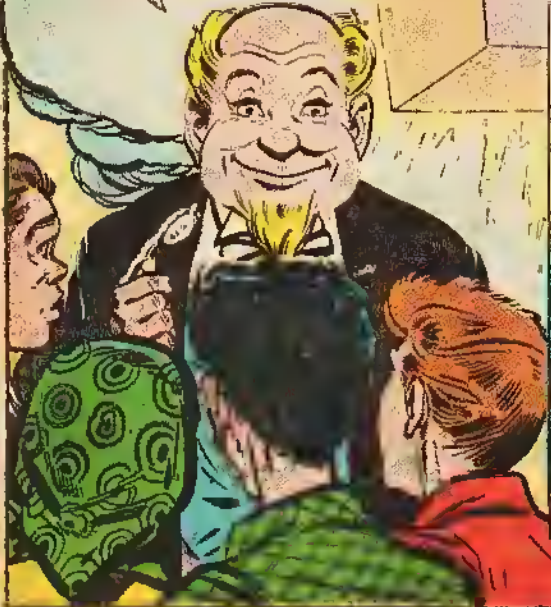
AH, YES! THAT'S THE QUESTION THE GREATEST SCIENTISTS OF THE WORLD HAVE ASKED. WHAT GOES ON IN THAT "DARK CHAMBER" WE SAW A WHILE BACK?



THE WORLD'S WISEST MEN HAVE ASKED THAT QUESTION, YET "HOW" IT'S DONE SEEMS UNIMPORTANT TO US, WHO KNOW THE GREAT ENGINEER.

YES, WE KNOW WHO STARTED THE MACHINE, BUT WHAT KEEPS IT GOING?

THE FUEL WE PUT IN IT, OF COURSE--NEXT TIME YOU DROP AROUND WE'LL TRY TO GET THE INSIDE STORY.



(TO BE CONTINUED)

I Shall Be Cleansed....

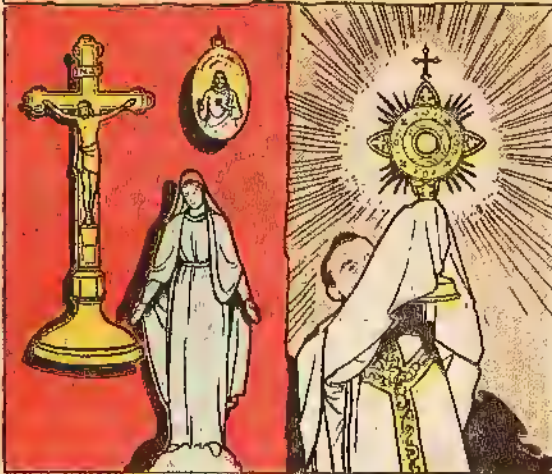
ARE THE SACRAMENTALS ANOTHER KIND OF SACRAMENT, SISTER ROSARIO?

ILLUSTRATED BY *Patty Kersch*

NO, JOHN - THEY'RE NOT SACRAMENTS AT ALL. THEY'RE A KIND OF IMITATION OF THE SACRAMENTS THAT THE CHURCH USES IN ORDER TO GAIN SPIRITUAL FAVORS FOR US.

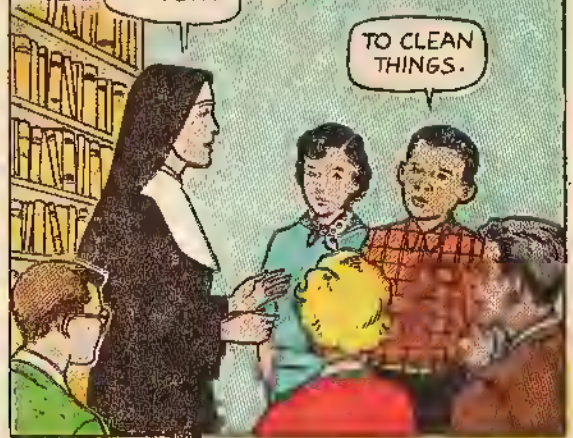


"THERE ARE TWO GENERAL CLASSES OF SACRAMENTALS - SACRED OBJECTS AND ACTIONS."



BUT LET'S TALK ABOUT THEM IN GREATER DETAIL - HOLY WATER FOR EXAMPLE. WHAT DO WE USE WATER FOR?

TO CLEAN THINGS.



"THAT'S RIGHT - AND FROM THE SECOND CENTURY CHRISTIANS HAVE BEEN USING HOLY WATER TO HELP KEEP THEMSELVES CLEAN OF SIN. IN THOSE EARLY DAYS, HOLY WATER WAS PLACED OUTSIDE THE CHURCH."



IS EASTER WATER THE SAME AS HOLY WATER?

WELL, IT'S WATER THAT HAS BEEN BLESSED - BUT THE CHURCH HAS FOUR DIFFERENT BLESSINGS FOR WATER. THE CHURCH USES ORDINARY HOLY WATER, EASTER WATER, BAPTISMAL WATER, AND GREGORIAN WATER.



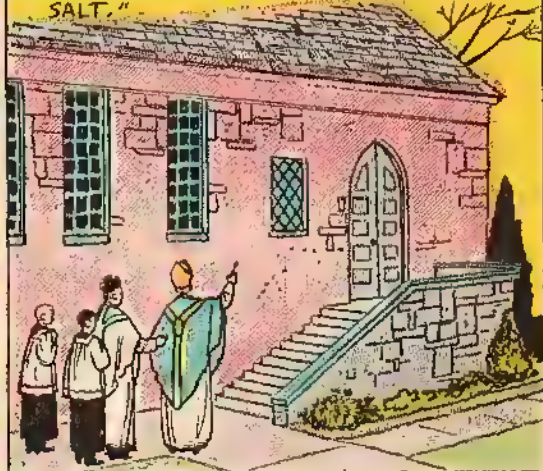
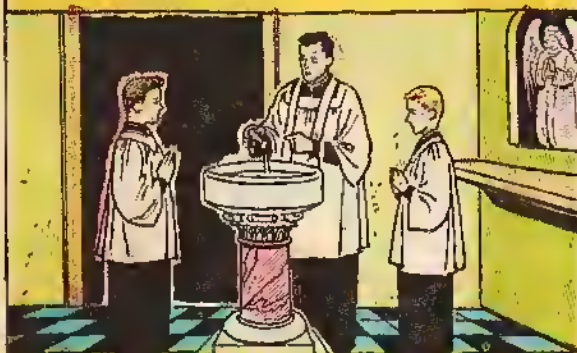
"ORDINARY HOLY WATER IS BLESSED BY THE PARISH PRIEST, AS HE BLESSES IT HE ADDS SALT, THE SYMBOL OF PRESERVATION FROM CORRUPTION. THEN HE ASKS GOD THAT..."

...WHATEVER IN THE HOUSE OR POSSESSIONS OF THE FAITHFUL MAY BE SPRINKLED WITH THIS WATER MAY BE FREED FROM EVERYTHING UNCLEAN AND DELIVERED FROM WHATSOEVER IS HURTFUL.



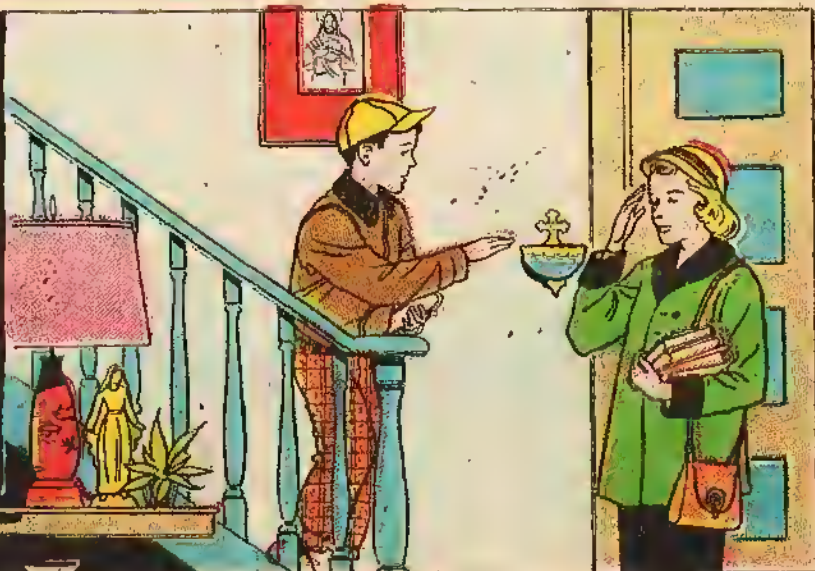
"EASTER WATER IS BLESSED ON HOLY SATURDAY MORNING WITH A DIFFERENT BLESSING. SOME OF IT IS POURED INTO THE BAPTISMAL FONT AND THE OIL OF CATECHUMENS AND HOLY CHRISM ARE ADDED."

"GREGORIAN WATER IS BLESSED FOR USE IN THE CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES. IT IS MIXED WITH WINE, ASHES, AND SALT."

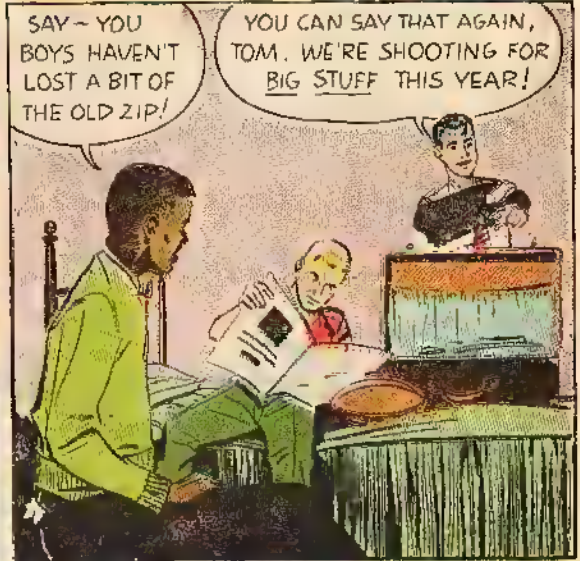
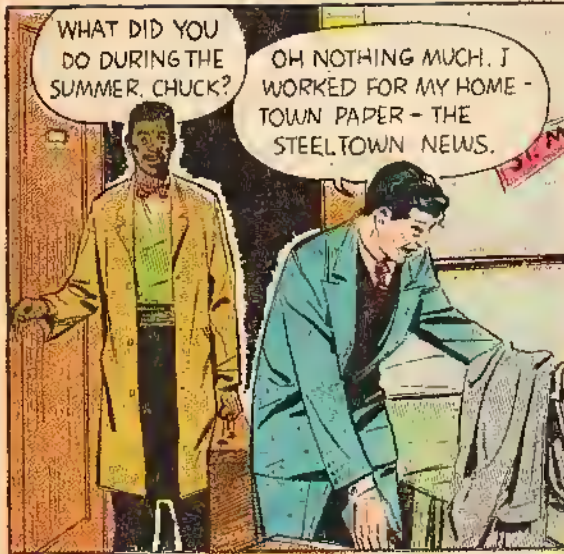


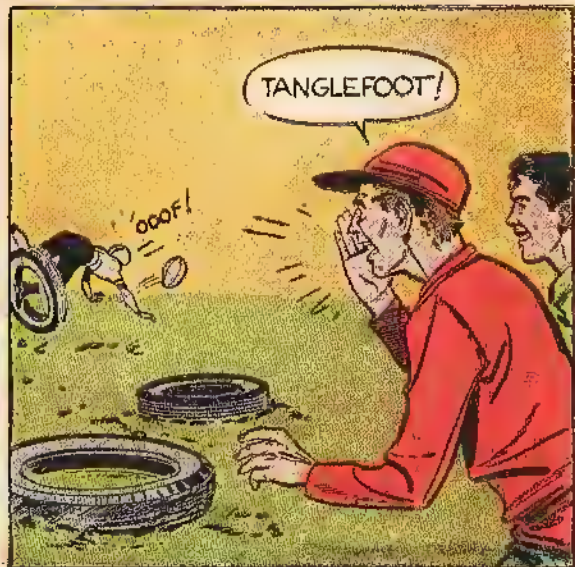
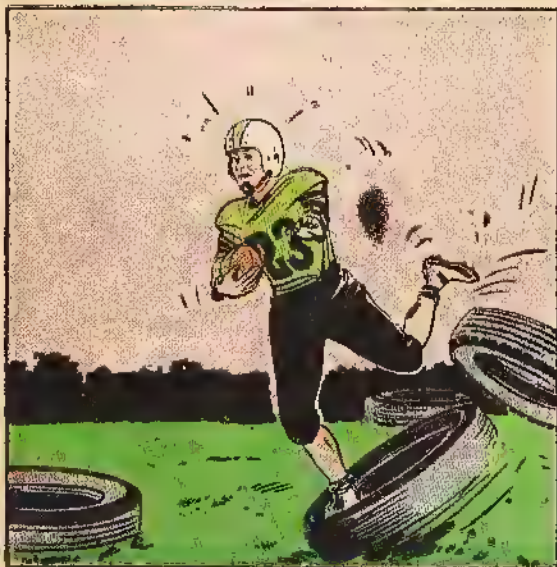
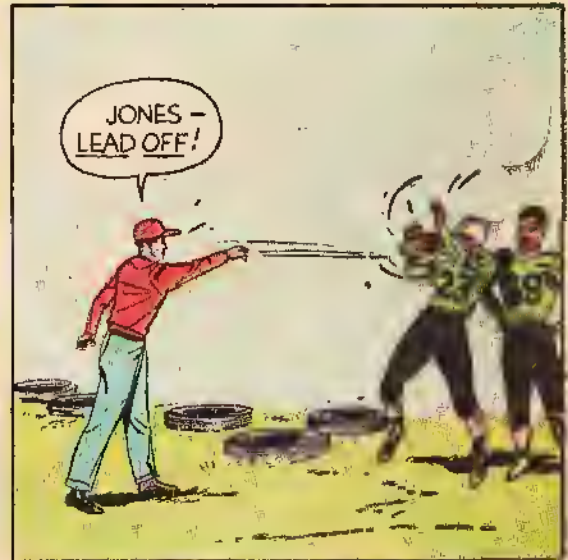
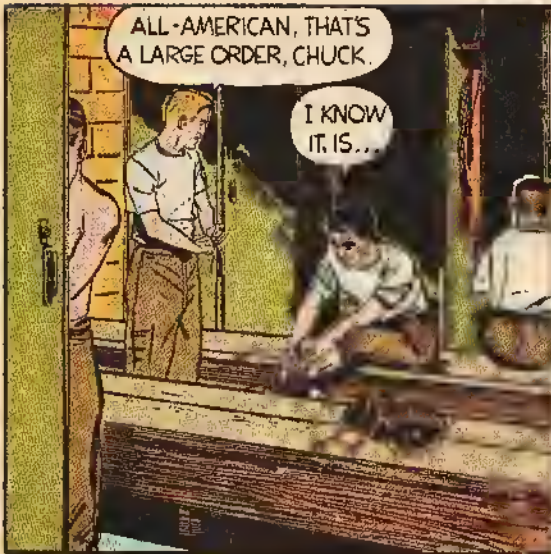
"EASTER WATER, UNLIKE ORDINARY HOLY WATER, IS BLESSED FOR USE ONLY FROM EASTER UNTIL THE FEAST OF PENTECOST."

"IT IS WITH ORDINARY HOLY WATER, THOUGH, THAT WE CAN BRING THE LITURGY OF THE CHURCH INTO OUR EVERYDAY LIVES. THERE ARE FEW HOMES THAT CANNOT SPARE A PLACE FOR THIS SACRAMENTAL. AN INDULGENCE OF THREE HUNDRED DAYS IS ATTACHED TO HOLY WATER WHEN WE MAKE THE SIGN OF THE CROSS WITH IT"

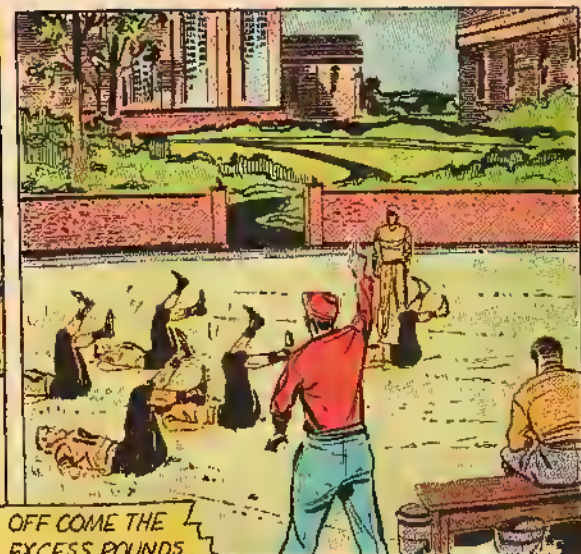
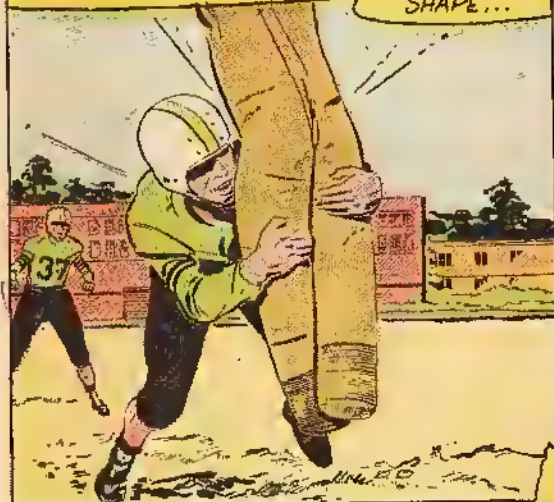








AND SO BEGINS THE WORK OF GETTING INTO SHAPE...

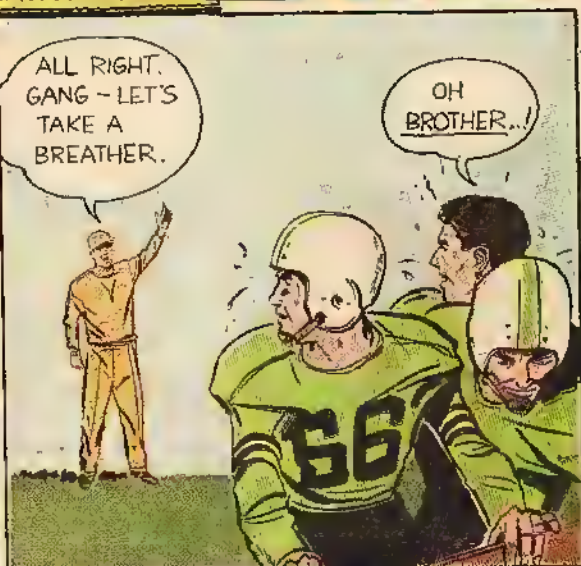


WHILE PROTESTING MUSCLES BEGIN TO ACHE...

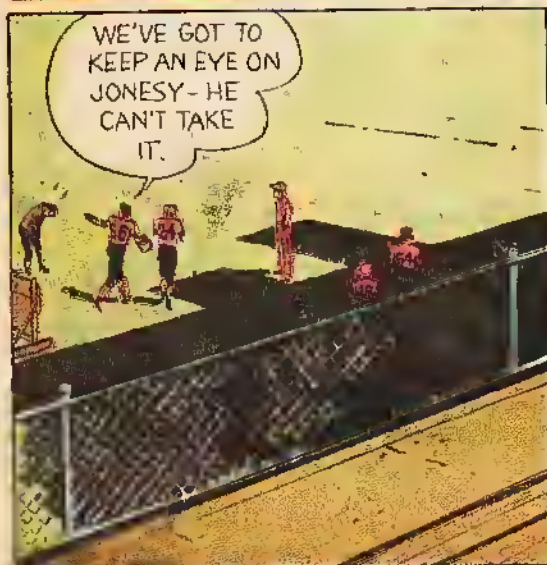


ALL RIGHT, GANG - LET'S TAKE A BREATHER.

OH BROTHER..!

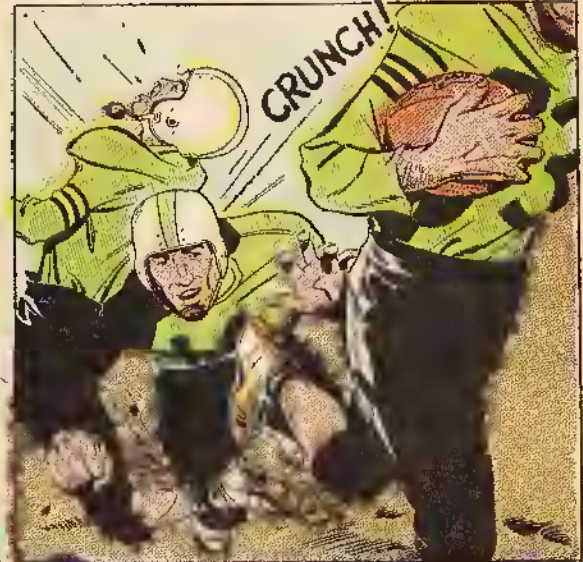
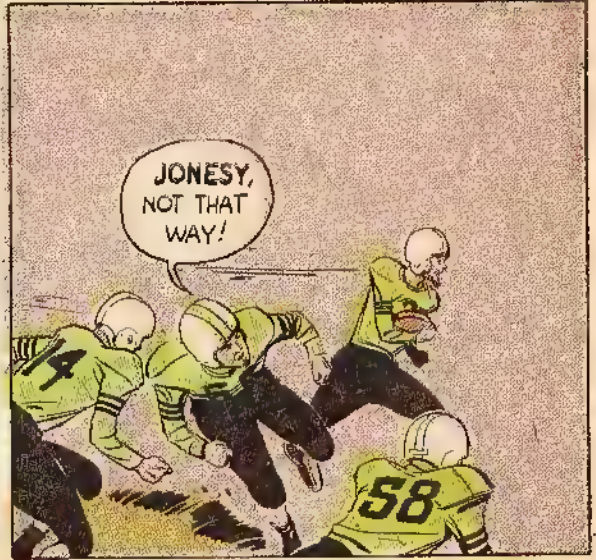
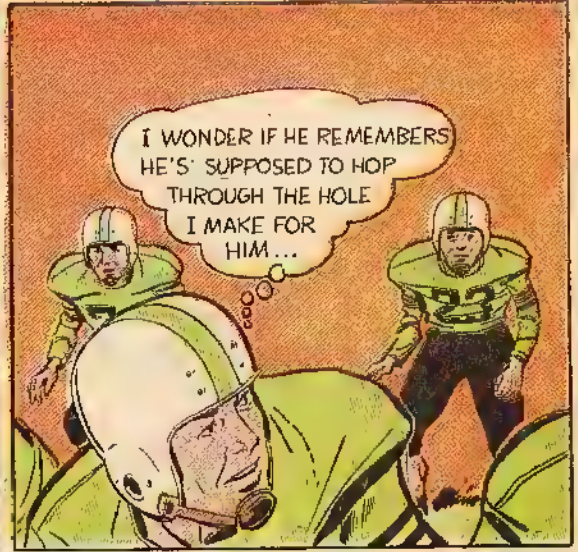


WE'VE GOT TO KEEP AN EYE ON JONESY - HE CAN'T TAKE IT.



ONE GOOD SCRIMMAGE, LADS, AND WE'LL HIT THE SHOWERS.

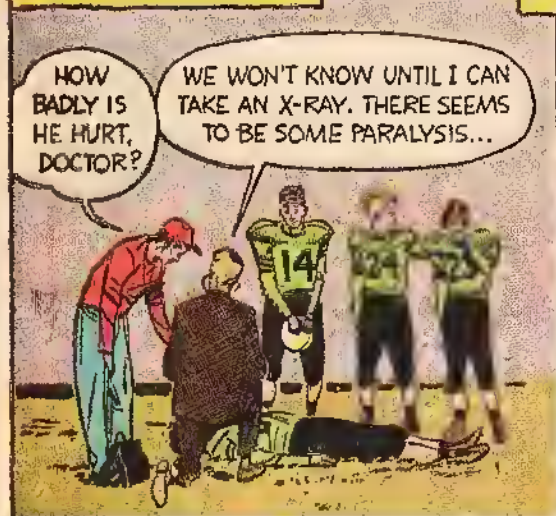






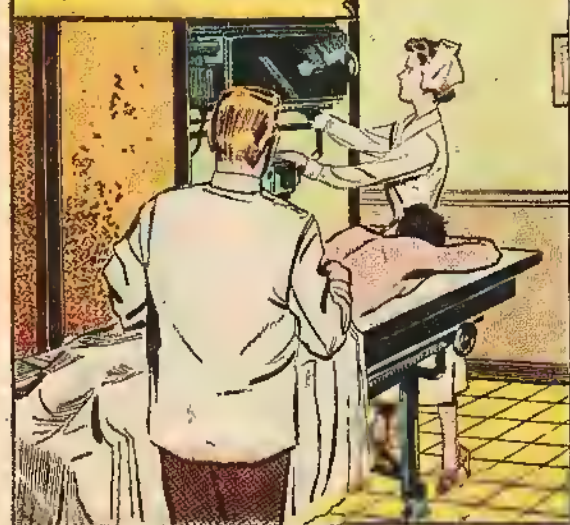
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

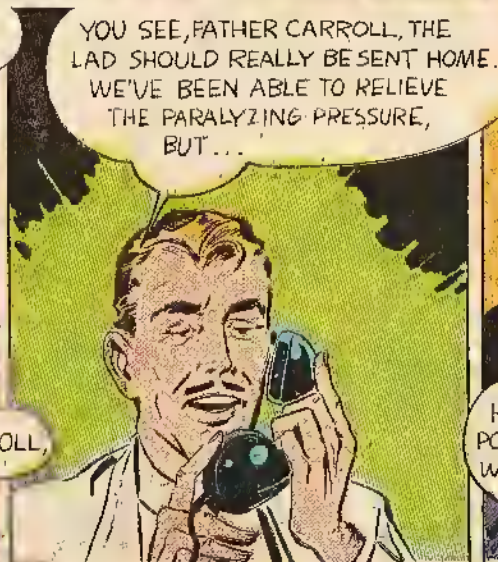
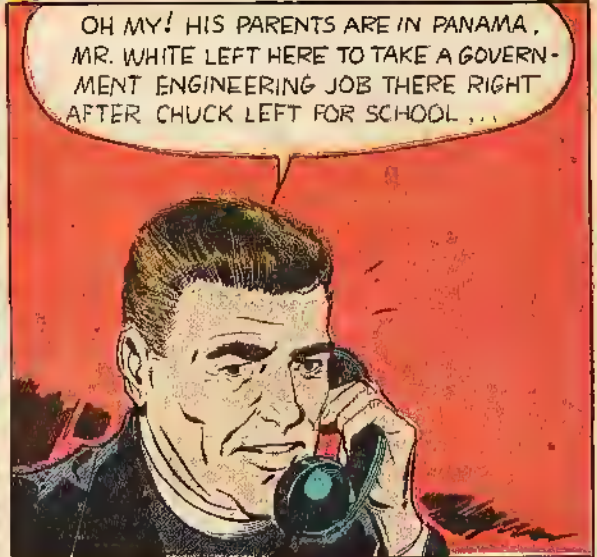
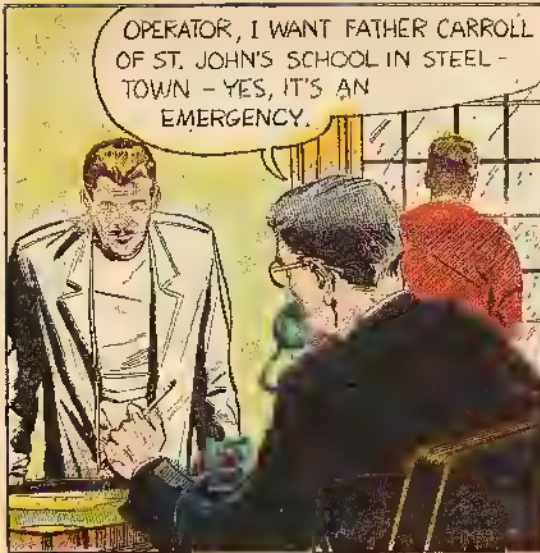
CHUCK IS CARRIED GENTLY TO THE CAMPUS INFIRMARY...



X-RAYS ARE TAKEN...

AS SOON AS THE PLATES ARE DEVELOPED...





HISTORY of SPORTS



BASEBALL

OUR NATIONAL PASTIME

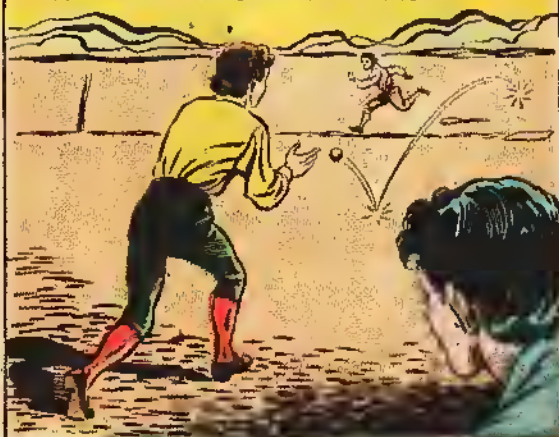
by GEORGE W. MIGHT

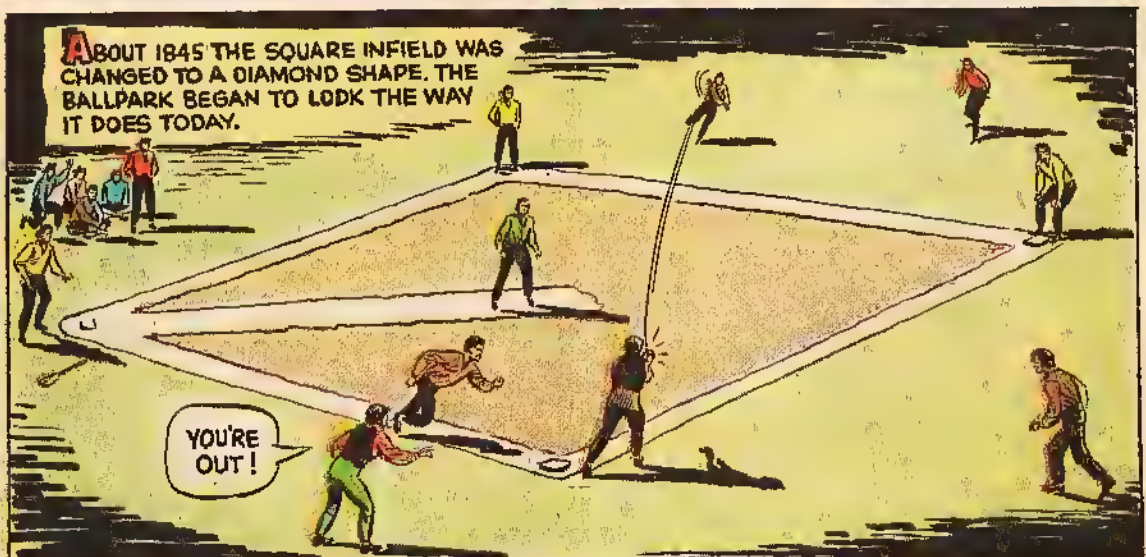
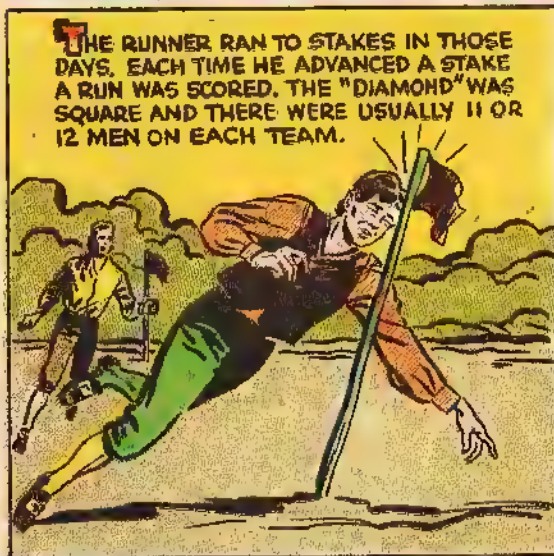
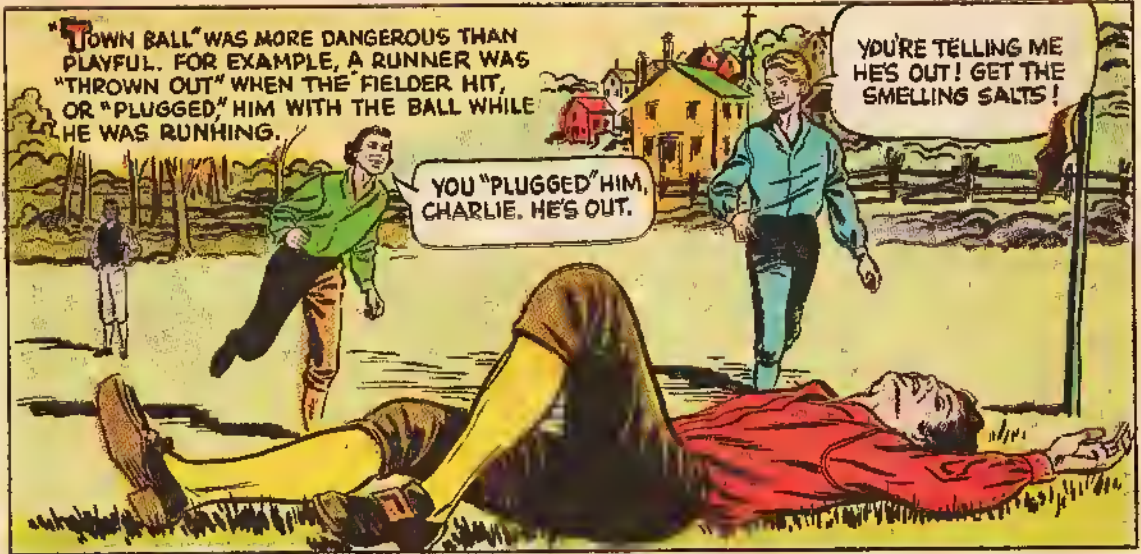
IT'S THE GREAT AMERICAN GAME. EVERY YEAR, WHEN THE AIR WARMS UP A BIT AND THE DAYS ARE LONGER, MOST BOYS FEEL THEIR HANDS GROW A LITTLE ITCHY FOR THE BALL AND GLOVE. EACH SPRING THERE'S A NEW THRILL IN AN OLD SPORT...

...ONE THAT STARTED LONG AGO IN ENGLAND WHEN THE BOYS BEGAN PLAYING A GAME CALLED "ROUNDERS."

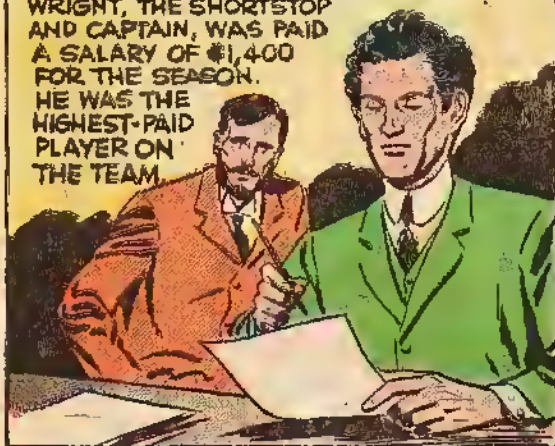


A FORM OF THIS GAME WORKED ITS WAY TO AMERICA UNDER THE NAME OF "TOWN BALL" OR "ONE OLD CAT." THE FIELD WAS NOT THE DIAMOND THAT WE KNOW TODAY.





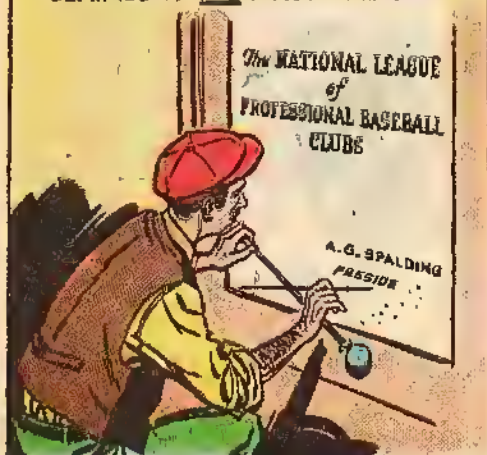
THE FIRST BASEBALL TEAM TO TURN PROFESSIONAL WAS THE CINCINNATI RED STOCKINGS IN 1869. GEORGE WRIGHT, THE SHORTSTOP AND CAPTAIN, WAS PAID A SALARY OF \$1,400 FOR THE SEASON. HE WAS THE HIGHEST-PAID PLAYER ON THE TEAM.



THE SEASON LASTED FROM MARCH 15 TILL NOVEMBER 15.



IN 1876, THE NATIONAL LEAGUE WAS ORGANIZED. ITS OFFICIALS PROCLAIMED IT THE MAJOR LEAGUE.



...AND, IN 1900, THE WESTERN LEAGUE, THEN A MINOR LEAGUE COMPOSED MOSTLY OF MID-WESTERN TEAMS, REORGANIZED AND INCLUDED SOME EASTERN CLUBS. THE NEW ORGANIZATION WAS CALLED THE AMERICAN LEAGUE. ITS OFFICIALS SAID IT WAS THE MAJOR LEAGUE OF THE COUNTRY.



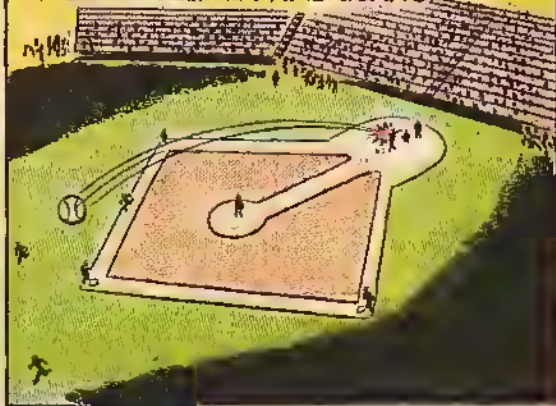
AT FIRST, THERE WAS WAR BETWEEN THE TWO LEAGUES.

MR. MCGRAW, ARE YOUR PENNANT-WINNING GIANTS GOING TO PLAY BOSTON, THE WINNER IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE?



WHY SHOULD WE? AFTER ALL WE'RE THE MAJOR LEAGUE. THEY'RE NOT IN OUR CLASS!

BUT, IN 1905, PEACE WAS MADE BETWEEN THE TWO LEAGUES, AND THE FIRST MODERN WORLD SERIES GAME WAS PLAYED. JOHN MCGRAW'S NEW YORK NATIONALS BEAT THE PHILADELPHIA AMERICANS.

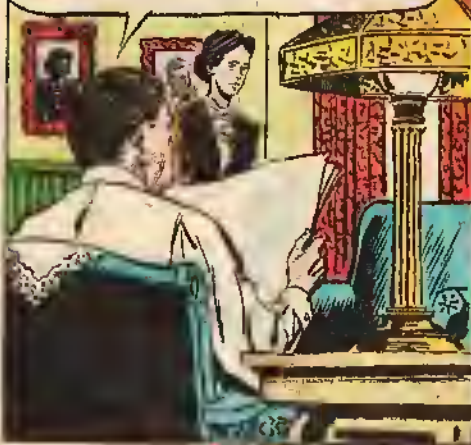


THE TWO LEAGUES BEGAN TO GROW AND BASEBALL BECAME MORE AND MORE POPULAR.

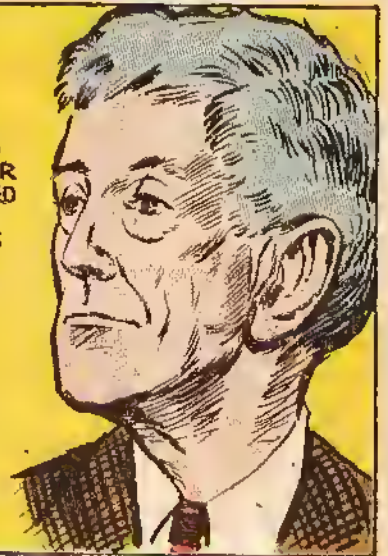
BUT IN 1920, A SCANDAL WHICH ROCKED THE SPORTS WORLD DEVELOPED OVER THE 1919 WORLD SERIES.



I TELL YOU, MARTHA, SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE ABOUT THIS TERRIBLE BASEBALL SCANDAL.



SOMETHING WAS DONE ABOUT THE SCANDAL! IN 1921, KENNESAW M. LANDIS, A FAMOUS JUDGE, WAS NAMED COMMISSIONER OF BASEBALL. HE RULED THE SPORT WITH AN IRON HAND UNTIL HIS DEATH IN 1944. HE WAS SUCCEEDED BY SENATOR A.B. CHANDLER AND, LATER, BY THE PRESENT COMMISSIONER, FORD FRICK. NOT SINCE 1919, HAS THE INTEGRITY OF BASEBALL BEEN QUESTIONED.



IN THE 1920'S, BASEBALL, UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF JUDGE LANDIS, FLOURISHED. THIS ERA IS NOW KNOWN AS THE "GOLDEN AGE OF SPORTS."



IN 1933, THE FAMOUS ALL-STAR GAME WAS BORN, A GAME IN WHICH THE FANS VOTE ON THE BEST PLAYERS IN EACH LEAGUE TO COMPETE AGAINST ONE ANOTHER.



IN 1947, BRANCH RICKEY SIGNED JACKIE ROBINSON TO A BROOKLYN DODGER CONTRACT. HE WAS THE FIRST NEGRO TO BREAK BASEBALL'S "COLOR BARRIER."

YOU'LL HAVE YOUR PROBLEMS, JACKIE, BUT I HAVE FAITH IN YOU.

THANK YOU FOR THE CHANCE YOU'VE GIVEN ME, MR. RICKEY.

THIS PAVED THE WAY FOR OTHER NEGRO STARS TO BECOME MAJOR-LEAGUERS.



WILLIE MAYS



ROBERT R. BOYD



DONALD NEWCOMBE

LUSCIOUS LUKE EASTER



LARRY DOBY



MONTFORD IRVIN



GEORGE D. CROWE

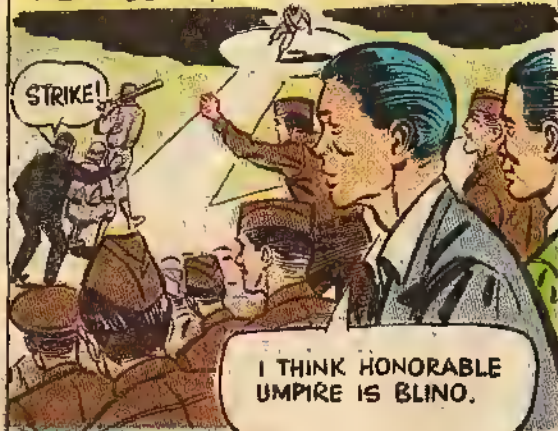


ORESTES (MINNIE) MINOSO

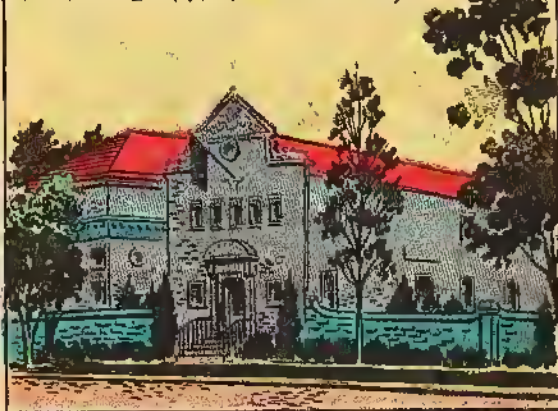


ROY CAMPANELLA

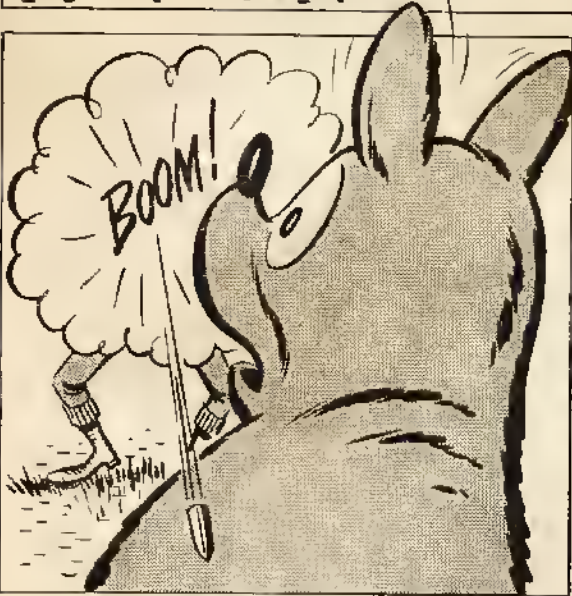
DURING WORLD WAR II, AMERICAN G.I.'S POPULARIZED BASEBALL WHEREVER THEY WENT. IN JAPAN, THE GAME HAS BECOME TREMENDOUSLY POPULAR.



THE GAME CONTINUES TO BE A PART OF AMERICAN LIFE. IT HAS ITS OWN STORIES, THRILLS... ITS OWN FANS AND NEW HEROES WHO WILL ONE DAY BE HONORED IN ITS OWN MUSEUM AT COOPERSTOWN, N.Y.



Pierre





Be sure of Your Copies of this year's

MESSENGERS and TREASURE CHEST

From The Very First Week



Place a tentative order NOW! ➡

You can be certain of a supply of the MESSENGERS and TREASURE CHEST from the very first issues by placing your TENTATIVE order for these teaching aids now.

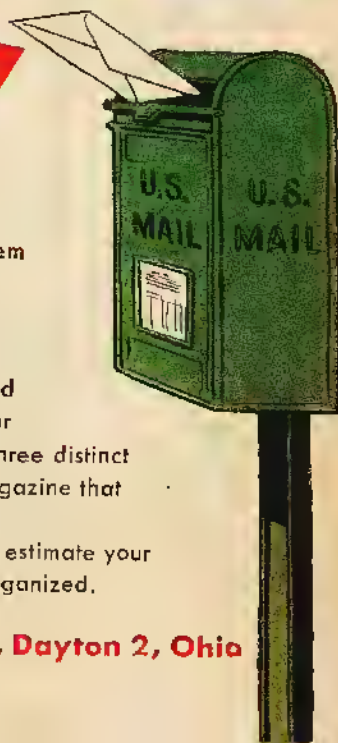
Your pupils will benefit from the timely reading calculated to give them a better understanding of their world—from the Catholic view.

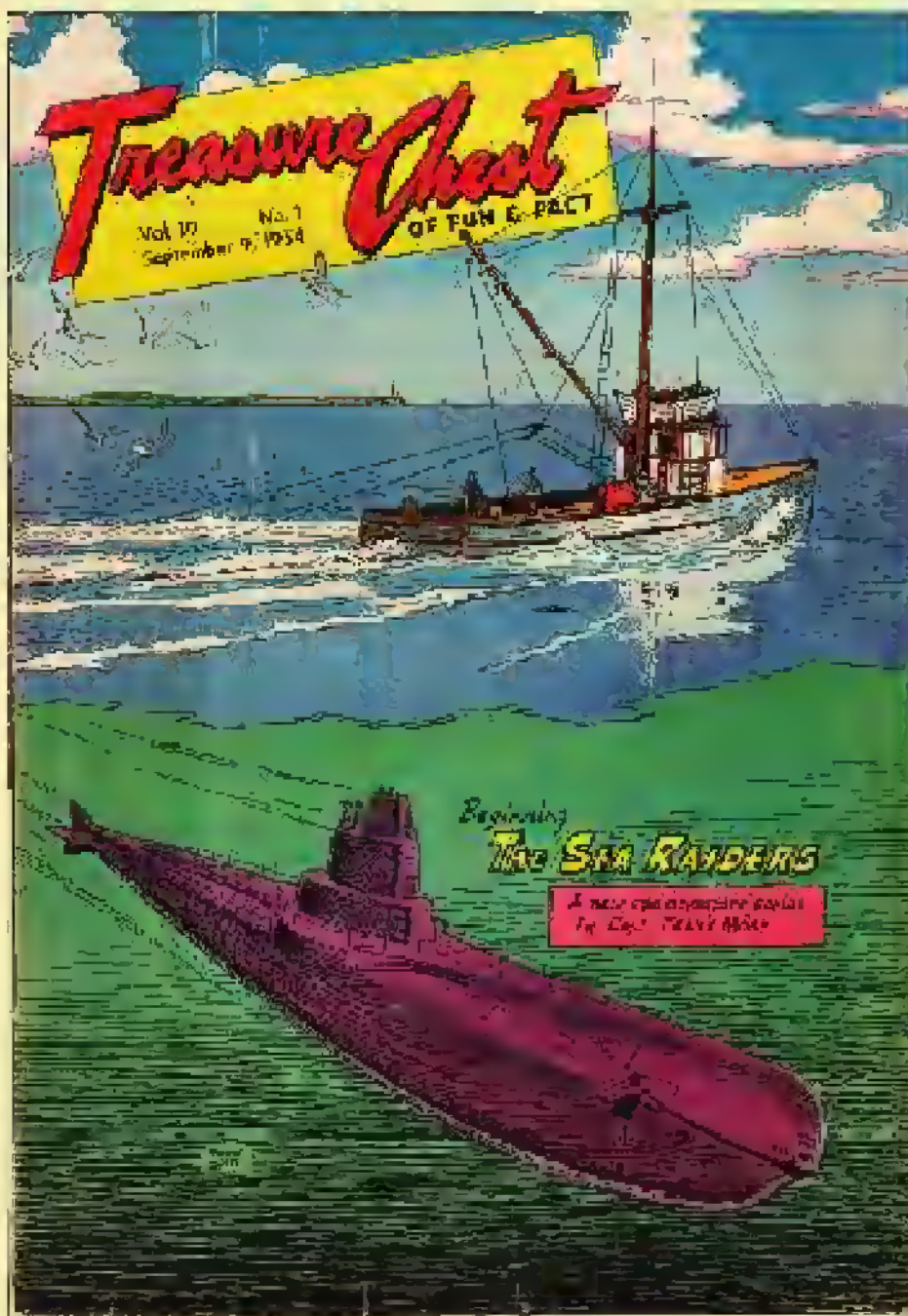
ORDER YOUR NEEDS TODAY!

In grades 6-9, the YOUNG CATHOLIC MESSENGER; in grades 3-6, the JUNIOR CATHOLIC MESSENGER; in grades 1, 2, and 3, the separate graded School Editions of OUR LITTLE MESSENGER. In religious instruction classes for public school children order the Confraternity MESSENGERS, planned for three distinct age groups. And for all grades, use TREASURE CHEST, the picture-story magazine that instructs as it entertains!

If you aren't certain of the actual number of pupils in your classes, just estimate your needs. You may, if necessary, revise the count later after classes are organized.

GEO. A. PFLAUM, Publisher, Inc., 38 West Fifth Street, Dayton 2, Ohio





Treasure Chest #v10_01 (1954)

Scanned cover to
cover from the original
by jodyanimator.

What you are reading
does not exist, except
as electronic data.

Support the writers,
artists, publishers and
booksellers so they can
provide you with more
entertainment.

Buy an original!